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THE "PHARAOH" OF TO-DAY ON A JOURNEY IN HIS DOMINION: THE SULTAN OF EGYPT, RIDING A DONKEY, AT ASSOUAN DURING HIS RECENT TOUR.

Egypt has been much in the public mind of late, what with the Milner Report and Mr. Churchill's visit for the Middle-East Conference. The Sultan recently completed a tour along the Nile from Cairo to Assouan, visiting the various ruins of the ancient temples on the way. The above photograph of him typifies the

changes in Egypt since the Pharaohs of old portrayed in ancient Egyptian sculpture, such as the head of Amenhotep III, illustrated in our issue of March 12. It is also interesting to compare it with the photographs in the present number of models 4000 years old representing scenes in the life of an Egyptian noble.



TO say that the novelist and the dramatist have their keenest competitor in the annalist of crime is only to make a lumbering parody of the neat old saw about truth and fiction. Recently the competition has been unusually brisk, for the world had no sooner rested from four years of legalised killing, during which private violence seemed to slumber, than the Law Courts presented a full calendar of murder cases. The dramas staged there will bear comparison with any of the classical examples, although their full bouquet may not be appreciated until the records appear in carefully edited volumes, secure of a large body of readers who bring to the problems there set forth powers of reflection not usually exercised by the majority of those who idly devour newspaper accounts. The taste for criminal annals cannot be dismissed



A FAMOUS R.A.'S SKETCH OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL: JOHN THURTELL, WHO WAS HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM WEARE.—BY WILLIAM MULREADY.

Thurtell, amongst his other activities, backed "Ned Flatnose" in his famous fight with Tom Oliver at North Walsham. His connection with the contest is familiar to all Borrowians. His application to a neighbouring magistrate (Mr. J. B. Petre, of Westwick House, according to Knapp) for the loan of a "piggle" lying among his broad acres, "which he deemed would suit" as a milling ground, is one of the most familiar scenes in "Lavengro," the author skilfully indicating, by a few master-strokes, John's theatrical air and style of speech. See the "Note-Book" on this Page.—By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

as merely morbid. Healthy intelligence finds in these records of human imperfection all the materials of tragedy. However bitterly commentators may disagree about Aristotle's precise meaning when he defined tragedy as a purging of the passions through pity and terror, there is no ambiguity in Milton's pregnant adaptation of that saying at the close of "Samson Agonistes," and here it fits in well. From the tragedy of real life, no less than from that of poetic fiction, the reader may rise "with new acquist of true experience."

The fascination of crime, and of murder in particular, rests on a basis so complex as to defy full analysis. De Quincey, in his revel of exquisite persiflage, evades the question: he is concerned only to prove our right to "get into a very great state o' admiration" (as another eminent phrase-maker would say) at the meritorious performance of a homicide, when tried by principles of taste. The average reader of notable trials does not pretend to be an aesthetic amateur of the criminal's workmanship. All he knows is that with a tale the annalist or able editor has come to him, and he cannot choose but hear. Possibly the appeal may be as much to the Hyde as to the Jekyll that dwells in every one of us. To resolve either case were an endless speculation, involving strange quests down shady and sunny alleys of the soul. Lucretius states the broader aspect of the question, when he notes the pleasure man takes in viewing

evils from which he is himself exempt, though "not from delight that any should be afflicted." How far this may apply to Selwyn's and Boswell's curiosity in Tyburn episodes, is doubtful. It is one thing to hear or read the details of a great criminal process; quite another habitually to make a gazing-stock of the condemned at the gallows foot. Byron held that it was good for a man once to see the finishing of the law. The emphasis is on the "once." In Selwyn and Bozzy the thing had become a vice. The reader of notable trials stands on a different plane. Not as a critic of taste in the criminal act, but as a student of judicial method and of human mystery, he accepts the invitation to review the gallery of murderers "from Cain to Mr. Thurtell."

The Mr. Thurtell aforesaid, promised by De Quincey as his *terminus ad quem*, is dismissed by the Opium Eater as "much overrated." He enjoyed, nevertheless, an extraordinary vogue ninety-eight years ago, and he has just come up again in the latest volume of the "Notable Trials" series (William Hodge and Co.), "The Trial of Thurtell and Hunt," edited by Mr. E. R. Watson, gives implicit confirmation of the aesthetic critic's dissatisfaction. Viewed as Fine Art, Mr. Thurtell's performance was certainly "something falsetto," but the record, as a plain tale of villainy and as an exposition of a popular sensation, has undeniable points. Mystery there is little or none as to the fact and as to the chief criminal's psychology.

Thurtell's slaying of Mr. William Weare, of the immortal rhyme, showed the utmost disregard of precaution. Over both crime and trial, John Bull, in Sir Walter Scott's opinion, "became maudlin," and the yellowist of yellow journalism was anticipated in the news sheets fed by a hundred horse expresses plying from Hertford. The proletariat's interest is easy to understand—it was the "bloody news" of the Turnham Green broadside raised to the *n*th power; but Mr. Watson is at a loss to account for the way in which the crime attracted men of refinement. Even Scott was "maudlin" enough to visit the scene, Gill's Hill Cottage. Borrow, in "The Romany Rye," describes the execution, and glorifies Thurtell as a good-hearted fellow. Mulready made sketches in court. But for the prisoner's speech in defence, the trial has no dramatic touch. The accomplices Hunt and Probert are negligible. Yet the bald incident, as a whole, remains to-day as compelling as a melodrama of the most cunning construction.

Apart from the facts, the interest of trial records is heightened by the purely forensic elements. Construction of incident, in the novelist's or dramatist's sense of the term, is not to be expected, although not infrequently a true



THE PRISONER WHO WAS ACQUITTED THAT HE MIGHT TURN KING'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THURTELL: WILLIAM PROBERT.—A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

story works out like contrived art. But the appointed order of judicial procedure lends to a trial a definite and impressive framework, and the

whole effect is that of suspense and climax. The duel between counsel, the minute sifting of evidence, the application of scientific method, lift the proceedings into the region of intellect and soften natural loathing of sordid details. A great speech for the defence arouses emotions comparable only to those of the highest tragedy. Speeches for the prosecution and summings-up, however able, touch a less vibrant chord in our



AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT IN THE THURTELL CASE: JOSEPH HUNT.—PENCIL SKETCH BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

hearts, since we too, although not accused, "dwell in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death."

Such a speech was that by which Inglis saved Madeleine Smith from the gallows. The story can be read anew in "The Notable Scottish Trials" issued by the same publisher as the Thurtell and Hunt volume. Inglis made ample use of emotion; but it was his acute analysis of evidence and not his moving appeals to feeling that secured the verdict of "Not proven," always unsatisfactory, but a useful *pis aller* where the jury is not convinced of guilt, and yet cannot decide on full acquittal. Inglis defied the prosecution to show that the accused had arsenic in her possession at the date of L'Angelier's first illness and that the parties had met on the other dates libelled. Just at these points the gaps in the evidence gave the way of escape.

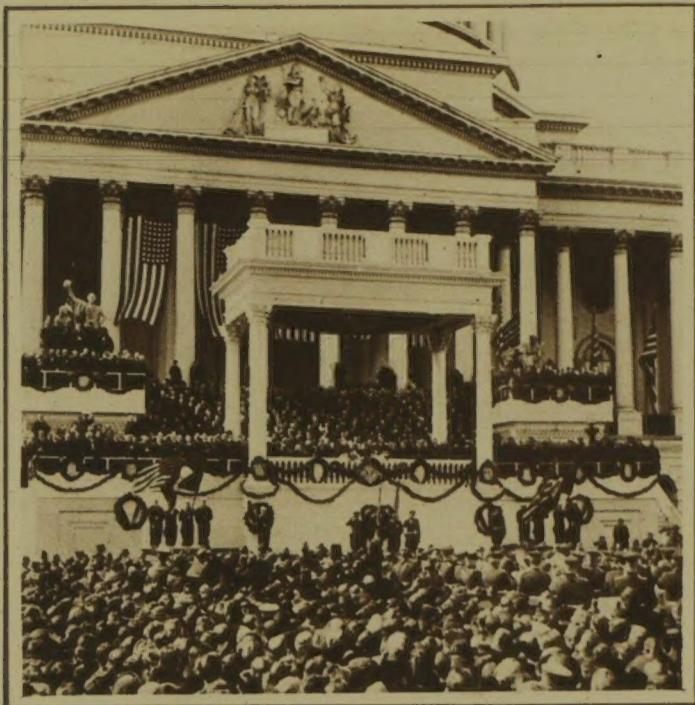
"The Notable Scottish Trials" include also another Glasgow mystery, that known as the Sandyford Place murder, in 1862, a sensation that reverberated far into the next decade. For the peculiarly atrocious murder of a maid-servant a Mrs. Jessie McLachlan was condemned, but the circumstances were so dubious that public opinion forced a reprieve. The McLachlan affair shook the public mind much as the Williams horror agitated London in 1812, but with the addition of embittered party wrangling. All public questions retired before the fierce quarrel as to whether the guilty person was Mrs. McLachlan or that shady and elusive character "Old Fleming," whose name became a hissing and a byword, and was chalked with execrations on walls and hoardings.

All the trials here alluded to are already published in Messrs. Hodge's series. The list, which includes civil cases, is long and still growing. Every volume carries an excellent introduction and notes by an authority, not always a practising lawyer, for the Wainwright and Maybrick cases were edited by the late H. B. Irving. It may be the haunting sense of the thousand risks attending every process at law that makes many readers, both men and women, prefer these records of fact to the most artfully wrought fiction. But analysis is futile. As well try to explain the spell of "Eugene Aram" or the shudder of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

J. D. S.

FAR AND NEAR: PEOPLE OF LEADING; AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFREDI, TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND ELLIOTT AND FRANCIS



THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY AT WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT HARDING DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.



"KISSING THE BOOK" AT HIS INAUGURATION: PRESIDENT HARDING TAKING THE OATH, ADMINISTERED BY CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE.



SIGNATORY FOR RUSSIA OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE AGREEMENT: M. KRASSIN.



THE LEAVE-TAKING OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LORD AND LADY READING, WITH FRIENDS SEEING THEM OFF AT CHARING CROSS.



THE QUEEN AT LIVERPOOL: HER MAJESTY (IN THE BACKGROUND ON THE LEFT) IN THE DINING-ROOM AT THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE.

Many thousands of people thronged the great space before the Capitol at Washington on March 4, when Mr. Warren G. Harding took the oath as twenty-ninth President of the United States. The Bible used on the occasion, the same one which the first President, George Washington, had used in 1789, is illustrated on another page in this number. After taking the oath, the new President delivered his inaugural Address.—The Trade Agreement between Great Britain and Russia was signed on March 16 by Sir Robert Horne, President of the Board of Trade, and by M. Krassin, the representative of the Soviet Government.—



THE RESIGNATION OF THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE: MR. BONAR LAW.

Lord and Lady Reading left Charing Cross on March 17 for Marseilles, there to embark in the "Kaisar-i-Hind" for India, where Lord Reading will enter on his duties as Viceroy. To the left of Lady Reading (with bouquet) is Mrs. Asquith, and on the extreme left, Sir Alfred Mond. On the right is Lord Crewe.—The Queen and Princess Mary, who, with the King, went to stay with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley on March 16, visited the Seamen's Orphanage at Liverpool.—The resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, on grounds of health, as Leader of the House and of the Unionist Party in the Commons, was announced on March 17.

CHOSEN FOR THE HIGHER STAGES OF THE MOUNT EVEREST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

EXPEDITION: A FAMOUS CLIMBER AMONG PERILOUS PRECIPICES.

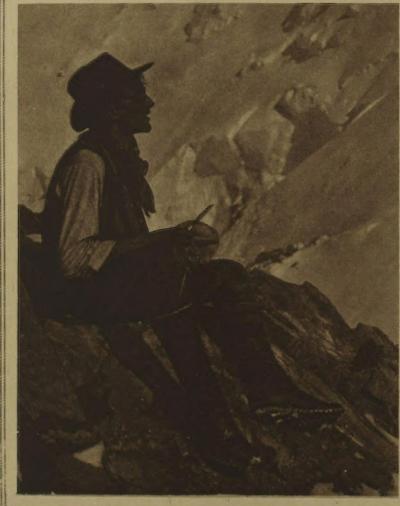
CENTRAL PRESS.



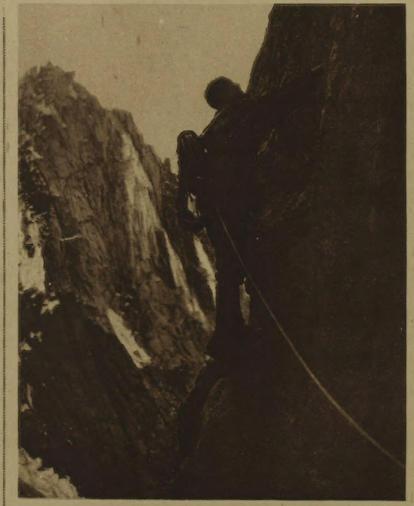
CHOSN FOR THE HIGHER STAGES OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION: CAPT. GEORGE FINCH ASCENDING MONT BLANC.



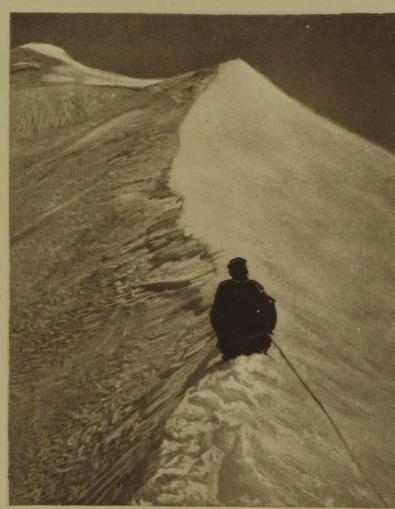
A TEST OF NERVE! CAPT. FINCH DESCENDING A GREAT PERPENDICULAR CLIFF ON MONT BLANC BY ROPE.



SHOWING DETAILS OF A CLIMBER'S COSTUME: CAPT. FINCH RESTING FOR A MEAL ON THE WAY UP MONT BLANC.



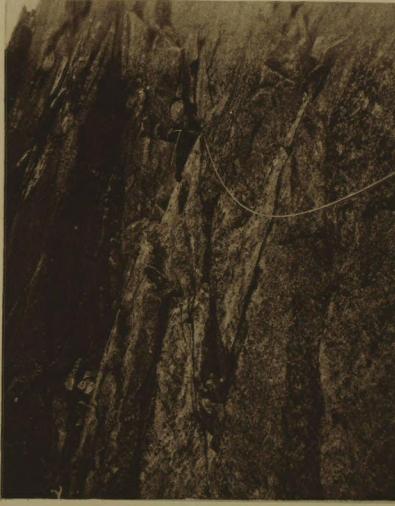
ON ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT PEAKS IN THE ALPS: CAPT. FINCH CLIMBING THE AIGUILLE DU DRU.



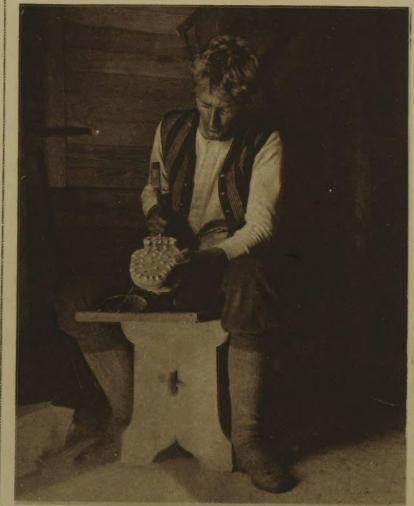
BREASTING DEEP SNOW ON THE HIGHEST ALPINE PEAK: CAPT. FINCH NEARING THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.



WEARING GLASSES TO PROTECT THE EYES AGAINST THE SNOW GLARE: CAPT. FINCH ON MONT BLANC, NEAR THE SUMMIT.



THE MOST DIFFICULT ROCK-CLIMB IN THE ALPS: CAPT. FINCH DURING AN ASCENT OF THE GRIMON.



THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM IN A CLIMBER'S OUTFIT: CAPT. FINCH REPAIRING HIS BOOTS IN A MOUNTAIN HUT.

For the forthcoming attempt upon Mount Everest, by an expedition under the joint auspices of the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, the services of some of the most famous and experienced British climbers have been enlisted. Discussing the arrangements recently, Col. Sir Francis Younghusband, President of the R.G.S., said: "As members of the expedition upon whom we shall have to depend for reaching the highest points, we have selected two younger men who have made a name for themselves by their efficiency in climbing in the Alps, Mr. G. L. Mallory and Capt. George Finch. Our party for the reconnaissance is thus complete, and we are now engaged in equipping it in the best possible manner for the important work it will have to do this summer, in examining the mountain from every angle and testing the possible ways by which its

summit may be reached." Capt. Finch has been climbing for some fifteen years, and his conquests include Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and Monte Rosa. He dispenses with guides in the Alps. The Everest reconnoitring party is expected to start in May. The actual attempt to climb the mountain will probably be made in the summer of next year. As our photographs well show, the Alps provide tests of skill, nerve, courage, and endurance severe enough to qualify a man for the most difficult mountaineering tasks. The ascent of Everest may not prove harder as regards technical climbing skill; it might even be easier. The extra difficulties will be rather the unknown ground, and the effect of rarefied air at high altitudes on breathing and physical powers of endurance.

THE GREATEST OF ALL STEEPELCHASES: THIS YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL.



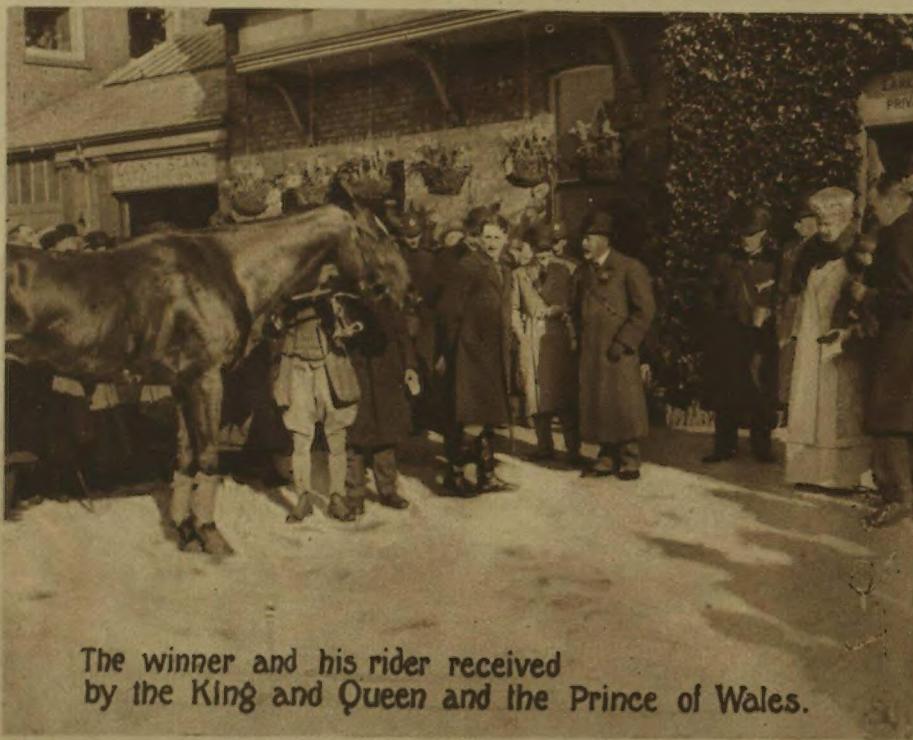
The Trophy



Shaun Spadah at the winning-post



The 10-year-old winner: Shaun Spadah.



The winner and his rider received by the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales.



At Becher's Brook.



The arrival of the King and Queen.



The Prince of Wales, Lord Stanley, and Mr. H. A. Brown (who broke a collar-bone, but finished second on The Bore.)

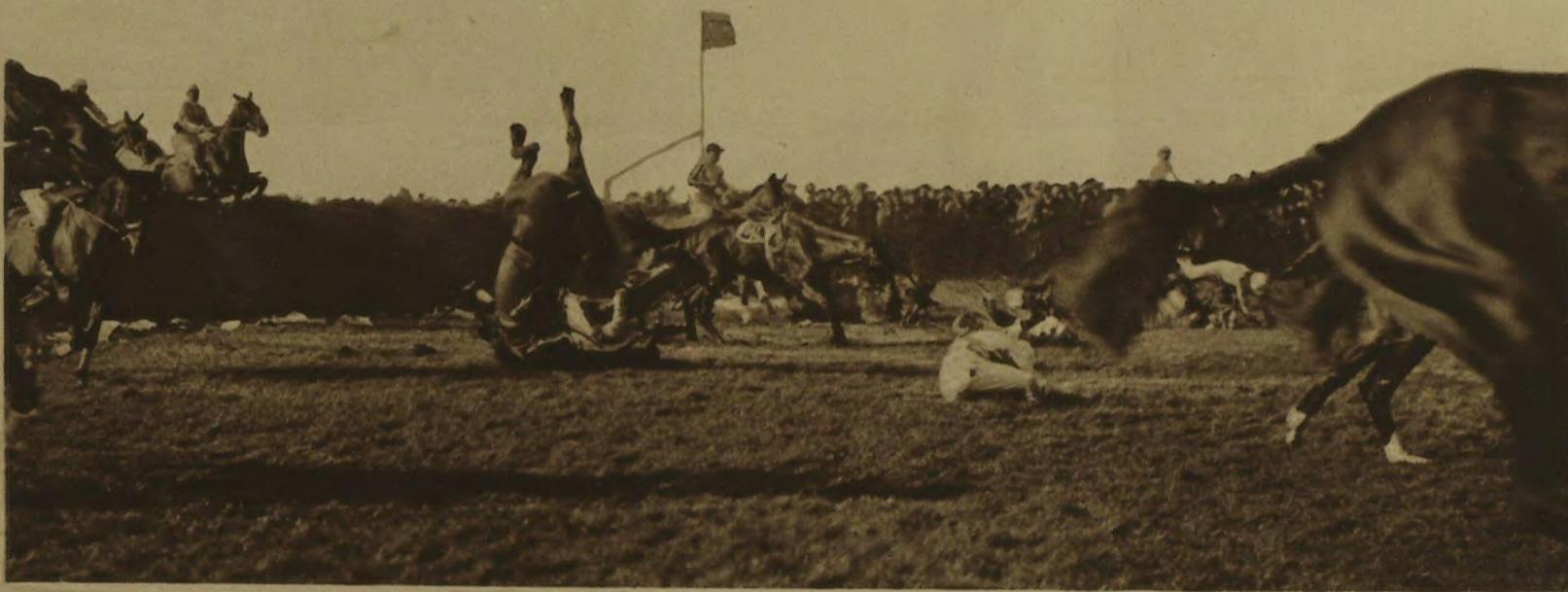
WON BY MR. T. McALPINE'S SHAUN SPADAH (F. B. REES UP), WITH THE BORE SECOND AND ALL WHITE THIRD: THE GRAND NATIONAL AT AINTREE.

This year's Grand National, run over the four-and-a-half miles course at Aintree on March 18, with the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Wales present, was a record both for the size of the "field" and the number of "spills." No fewer than thirty-six horses ran, and there was an unusually large number of falls early in the race. There were, in fact, only six standing up at

the end of the first round. The winner was Mr. T. McAlpine's Shaun Spadah (F. B. Rees up). Second place was taken by Mr. H. A. Brown's The Bore (owner up). Mr. Brown remounted after a tumble, and accomplished a fine feat of riding in finishing with a broken rein. Lord Wavertree's All White (R. Chadwick up) was third, and Mrs. H. Hollins's Turkey Buzzard, ridden by Captain

[Continued opposite.]

RUN BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN: THE GRAND NATIONAL.



The Most Dramatic "National": Some of the Many Falls.

A RACE IN WHICH NEARLY ALL THE THIRTY-SIX HORSES FELL, EXCEPT THE WINNER: A GRAND NATIONAL WITH A RECORD FIELD AND MANY "SPILLS."

Continued.

Bennet, came in fourth. Shaun Spadah started at 100 to 9, The Bore at 9 to 1, All White at 33 to 1, and Turkey Buzzard at 100 to 9. Altogether, the race was one of the most dramatic in the long history of this classic event. The weather was ideal, and there was an enormous crowd. In order to avoid the crush, the Grand National horses were not paraded as usual, but were taken

straight from their boxes on to the course, and walked round for general inspection. The King and his two sons went round the boxes. The Prince of Wales had been out on the course in the early morning to watch the horses exercise. When the Royal party, who were the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley, arrived for the race, they were greeted with hearty cheers.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

SINCE the war, loud and strident young voices—with a touch of the parade rasp in them, for these critics served when the struggle ceased to be a sport and became a business—have been heard at every corner, insisting that the old poets must be disestablished and their messages cast into the waste-paper basket of oblivion. Poetry must begin again at the beginning, we are told, and discover in the colloquial talk of common people new rhythms and a new poetic diction. So far the plan has not worked out very well, and even the youngest of us—certainly many of the young poets of Oxford and Cambridge, where once more, to adapt Matthew Arnold's famous sentence, we see our Baudelairians all at play—are fed up with the intolerable false *bergerie* of the lesser Georgians, and all the conscious crudeness which is the literary equivalent of the dirty attire of the professional friends of humanity in all ages. It may not be too late for some of these lazy apprentices to an old and honourable craft to learn that the refusal of beauty—the deliberate preference of the ugly and uncouth—is not *per se* a short cut to truthfulness. In "THE PIER-GLASS" (Martin Secker; 5s. net), by Robert Graves, the most virile and sincere of the later war-poets, there is too much which is without a touch of distinction, nay indistinguishable, owing to the author's deliberate rejection of verbal melody or harmony—a strange failing in one who aspires to be the Anglo-Welsh laureate! The chaotic cacophony of such a stanza as the following—

Such menace tottering overhead,
Old Jess for aye scolds no more;
She sees grey bobtail flung down dead
Lightning-blazed by the barn-door,

must be deliberately intended, but what a mistake! Strange indeed it is that stuff suggesting coals coming in next door should be written by one who found pity as well as piety in the story of the poor guileless old scapegoat, Christ's most faithful lover, and is the singer of "The Hills of May" in this, his fourth volume—

So she walked the proud lady,
So danced or ran,
So she loved with a calm heart,
Neglecting man...
Fade, fail, innocent stars
On the green of May;
She has left our bournes for ever,
Too fine to stay.

There is, however, a reaction rapidly gathering force against the war-engendered reaction against poetic traditions, and it is only the mild, pompous old parasitical versifiers—Alfred Austin is the most dreadful example, surely—who will be finally disestablished. The appearance of works of creative criticism, two of them dealing with French poets who were idols of our "ninetyish" mood, is a very significant omen. In "PAUL VERLAINE" (Constable; 12s. 6d. net), by Harold Nicolson, a vanished faubourg of the Bohemian soul rebuilds its romantic walls, and middle-aged exiles are wafted back, and find themselves young and hopeful and most happily unhappy once

again. For them, the spirit of Verlaine, as Mr. Nicolson says at the end of his book, "will still limp and linger in boulevard and alley, in bookshop and in tavern; or along those quays whose jumbled outlines glitter in the gay and gentle river as it slides with garbaged waters past church, past prison, and past charnel-house; and so, through soft French meadows, to the sea." It may seem at first sight unnecessary to write a biography of Verlaine, seeing that it has been done so adequately by Lepelletier and Delahaye; but Mr. Nicolson has more than justified his adventure in authorship, for not only does he give us the best life of Verlaine and critical estimate of his work we have got, or can hope to get, but he has made the poor smirched poet's career a thread on which to suspend a really profound and intimate history of French poetry during the second half of the nineteenth century. Verlaine was only at home in prison or in hospital; but if he had had all his life a little home such as he achieved before his death, with Eugénie for house-

ultimate secret of Symbolism. He did not invent it (nay, it is as old as Catullus), but was able to catch and reflect the floating aspiration, and to give to it a definite cadence and a form. In Verlaine's best verse, "the effect resides in the sparing and skilful use of attributes, in an apparently incidental but vivid reference to minor objects, which for him radiate with emotional significance." And by this method he sets the reader's sentiment of association vibrating, if it be used with absolute tact, as in "Après Trois Ans," which begins—

Ayant poussé la porte qui chancelle,
Je me suis promené dans le petit jardin
Qu'éclairait doucement le soleil du matin,
Pailletant chaque fleur d'une humide étincelle.

Mr. Nicolson uses a critical diction which is ultra-modern and his own, but in "CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: A STUDY" (Elkin Mathews; 15s. net), by Arthur Symons, we have once more the heavily perfumed, allusive, suggestive eloquence of the young critics of the 'Nineties. Mr. Symons' book is really a prolonged essay, full of sudden alarms and swift excursions, which ever and anon returns to his subject, adding something to our sense of Baudelaire's significance in the dark hierarchy of the unhappy poets. It is the manner of Whistler in painting a portrait, and in the end we have no exact definition, either of the poet or of the man-in-himself. He is nearest to the truth, perhaps, when he calls Baudelaire our modern Catullus, one who abhorred and adored the flesh as much as did the Roman singer, when he wrote the eternal two-line epigram which Mr. Symons translates so deftly—

I hate and I love;
you ask me how I
do it?

I know not; I know
that it hurts; I am
going through it.

The pathos of loving,
the pang of
satiety—here is the
soil out of which

the *Fleurs du Mal* blossom to no fruition. He is also Villon in a gas-lit nook. But he is not, after all, immoral—still less non-moral—because the darkness of disillusion hangs about all his baneful splendours of artistry. For if intentions such as this strange artist's pave the roads of Hell, they yet form the roof of Heaven.

Two books which light up that inferno in the snows called Soviet Russia, have lately appeared. "RUSSIAN PORTRAITS" (Jonathan Cape; 10s. 6d. net), by Clare Sheridan, gives us pictures, in clay and in words, of Lenin and Trotsky, and the other protagonists of Bolshevism. Russia was a wonder-world to her, a spectacle of brute forces incarnate and frozen agonies, but she was clearly glad to get out of it. In "A PRISONER OF THE REDS" (Murray; 18s. net), by Francis McCullagh, a skilled observer presents a powerful and precise obsession of Soviet Russia as a colossal polity crumbling into dust, in the ruin of which there are only two living things—Typhus and Bolshevism. And he shows that the terror of the Terrorists is this—a menacing certainty that the real counter-revolution is the nature of man who cannot live by bread alone.



PLAYWRIGHTS OF TO-DAY: AUTHORS OF SOME OF LONDON'S LATEST SUCCESSES.

"A Social Convenience" is at the Royalty, with Mr. Dennis Eadie in the principal part. Miss Clemence Dane, the author of two successful novels, "Regiment of Women" and "Legend," has written a brilliant first play, "A Bill of Divorcement," which was produced recently at the St. Martin's. "Ian Hay" (or, to use his real name, Mr. J. H. Beith) is having a big success with his "A Safety Match," at the Strand. Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "The Wandering Jew" is proving an enormously popular production at the New Theatre. Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the well-known playwright, has struck another "good thing"—"The Circle," at the Haymarket; and Mr. Rudolf Besier, who collaborates with Miss May Edginton, has two successes now running in town—"The Ninth Earl," the new melodrama at the Comedy, and "The Prude's Fall," at Wyndham's.—[Photographs by Hoppé, Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, and Bertram Park.]

keeper, and oranges placed along the mantelpiece, as in farm-houses of the Ardennes, to be mimic suns, he might have worked peacefully and at his leisure under the mild discipline of a reasoned domesticity. It is not in cafés, with riotous companions, but in quiet and orderly houses that all the greatest French poetry has been written. The Silenus myth, which flourished in Paris of the 'Nineties, was only true superficially. *Au fond*, this absinthe-minded poet yearned for a peaceful and unperplexed career, and the "exhibitionism" of his later years was merely a reduction of the Symbolist idea in poetry to the prosaic terms of that practical cadging which was forced on him by penury and neglect. He remains rather a poet for the foreigner than for the essential Frenchman. In France of the *bien pensants*—and that is the essential France, after all!—he is looked upon as the author of only one perfect verse—

Il pleure dans mon cœur,
Comme il pleut sur la ville—

and it is thus appreciated, as Mr. Nicolson wittily suggests, because the two lines make up a single Alexandrine with the orthodox break or césura. But he was a master of the art of suggesting infinity from the finite, which is the

The Lincolnshire Handicap Surprise: An Outsider Wins, with the Favourite Nowhere.

FINISH OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP: SORANUS WINNING FROM SENHORA AND QUEEN'S GUILD.

The Lincolnshire Handicap, run at Lincoln on March 16, was won by Mr. S. B. Joel's Soranus (Carslake up), which started at 33 to 1 against. Major D. Davies' Senhora (T. Weston up) was two lengths behind, and Sir Robert Jardine's Queen's



STARTED AT 33 TO 1 AGAINST: LEADING IN MR. S. B. JOEL'S SORANUS (CARSLAKE UP) AFTER WINNING THE LINCOLNSHIRE.

Guild (P. Jones up) was half a length behind Senhora. Soranus had an accident recently, and his trainer, De Mestre, had only three weeks in which to get him fit. The favourite, Ugly Duckling, was not placed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

The Prince of Wales Wins his First Race: H.R.H. after his Victory.

RECEIVING AN OVATION AFTER HIS FINE WIN IN THE PYTCHELY HUNT LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON HIS OWN HORSE, RIFLE GRENADE, ON THE WAY TO THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

On March 16 the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point races were held at Great Brington. There was a scene of great enthusiasm when the Prince of Wales, riding his own horse, Rifle Grenade, won the Hunt Light-Weight Race over three miles of stiff country, out of a field of fourteen. The Prince took the lead at the third fence

from the winning-post, and rode a fine finish, winning by a length from General Vaughan (on Suzette), who made a desperate effort to catch him. The Duke of York, who was watching near the post, ran after his brother to congratulate him, and the Prince received an ovation as he made his way to the weighing-room.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.

A WONDERFUL NATURE FILM: YOUNG KESTRELS IN THE NEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S.



HUNGRY, AND ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THEIR MOTHER'S RETURN: BABY KESTRELS IN THEIR NEST.



THE "ETHERIAL MINSTREL" A TIT-BIT FOR LITTLE HAWKS! MOTHER KESTREL BRINGS A LARK TO BE PLUCKED AND EATEN.



EXERCISING THEIR WINGS: PART OF A REMARKABLE FILM SHOWING YOUNG KESTRELS IN THE NEST.



SHOWING ONE OF THE YOUNG KESTRELS DEVOURING A FIELD-MOUSE: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH.



GREAT EXCITEMENT OVER A FIELD-MOUSE BROUGHT BY THE MOTHER BIRD: YOUNG KESTRELS FILMED.



"I'VE EATEN TOO MUCH! WISH I HADN'T!" A YOUNG KESTREL LOOKING PAINED AFTER SWALLOWING A LARK.

A cinematograph film of remarkable interest illustrating the life and habits of birds in their natural surroundings will be shown to the public at an early date. Baby hawks in their nest in the tree-top may be seen exercising their wings and practising for the time to come when they are able to fly away and take care of themselves. The mother bird, whilst hovering, sights a field-mouse, and swooping down, secures it, flies home, and deposits the mouse in the nest, where

it is flayed and ravenously eaten by the young hawks. Another section of the film shows a young hawk, which has sneaked off with a good share of lark to a branch out of reach of the rest of the family. The tail of the lark is seen slowing disappearing, as it is swallowed by the greedy little hawk—the latter gives a final gulp, and then looks up with a pained expression, as though to say, "I've eaten too much! Wish I hadn't!" The film is the result of the enter-

[Continued opposite.]

THE BIRD-PHOTOGRAPHER'S "O. PIP": FILMING HAWKS IN THE NEST.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S.



PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE TREE-TOPS: CAPTAIN KNIGHT FILMING A KESTREL'S NEST FROM AN "OBSERVATION POST" THAT TOOK NEARLY TWO MONTHS TO BUILD, SO AS NOT TO ALARM THE BIRDS.

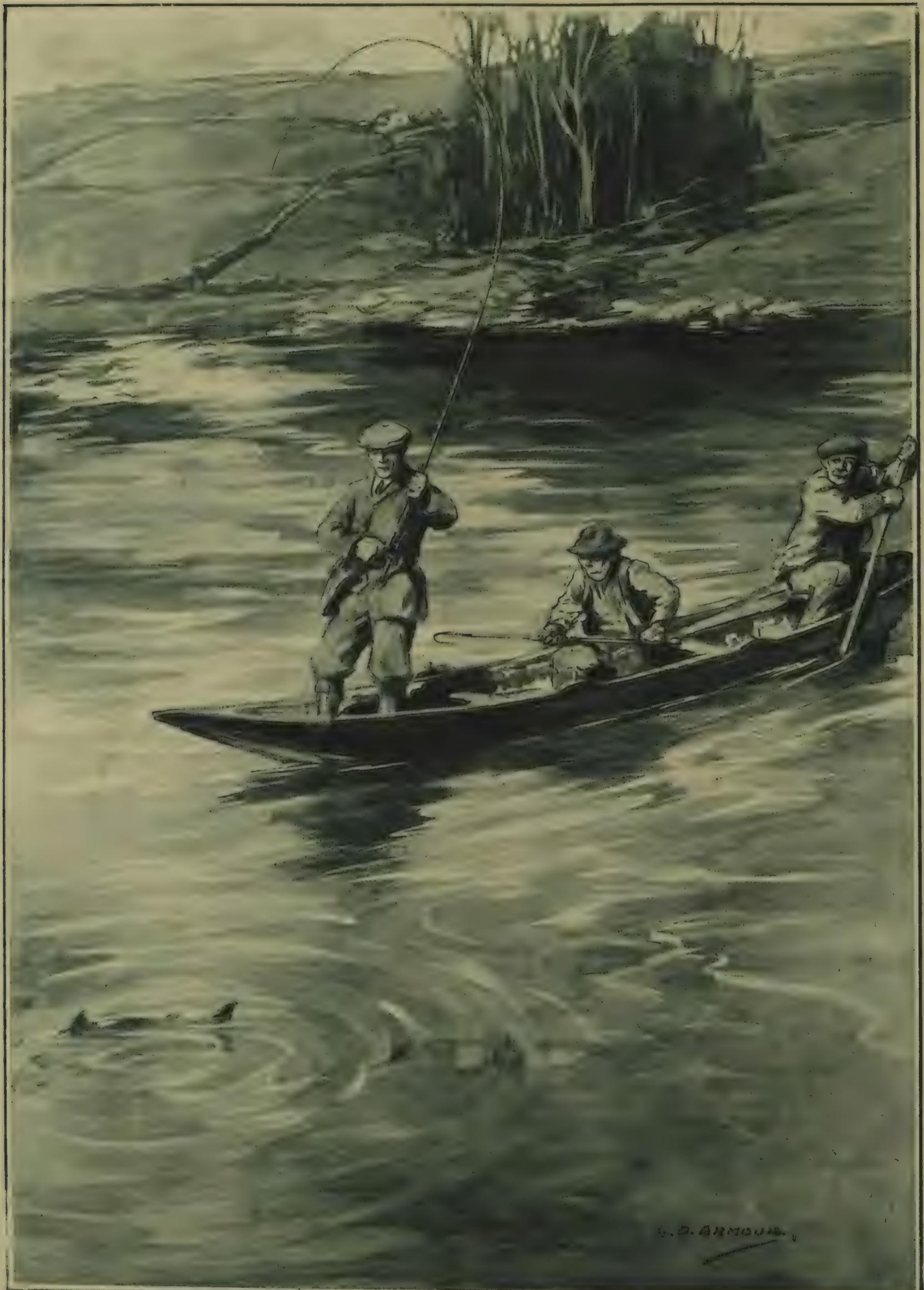
Continued.

prise and unlimited patience of Capt. C. W. R. Knight, M.C., F.R.P.S., whose methods of photographing up in the tree-tops are shown in our drawing. The cinematograph camera is attached to a bracket screwed to the tree, and the working position is screened by old sacking, with two peep holes—one for the

camera lens, and the other for viewing by the operator. The observation-post took nearly two months to build. Part of the sacking is shown removed, but in practice the operator is entirely obscured by the covering, which is fastened to the four nails shown on the tree.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE KING OF BRITISH GAME FISH: A SALMON NEARLY PLAYED OUT.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE SHANNON FROM A BOAT PECULIAR TO THAT RIVER: READY WITH THE GAFF—
AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A "COT," A CRAFT WORKED BY A SHORT PUNT-POLE.

Discussing the landing of a salmon, the "Encyclopædia of Sport" says: "So soon as the fish lies quiet within reach, let the gaff be put over the middle of his back, and fixed smartly but steadily. The only exceptional circumstance in which the gaff should be put under the fish is when he has to be struck from a boat in deep water, as in the Shannon or on a lake." Fishing in the Shannon is done from a kind of boat peculiar to the river, called a "cot." These boats are managed by the local men exceedingly skilfully. They are fitted for rowing

with oars, but, weather permitting, are worked like a punt with poles—shorter than those of the Thames punt—with which the expert boatmen can guide or hold them in any position required. It is quite common to see a local trout fisher sitting alone in his cot and holding it in position in quite swift water while fishing, changing his fly, or doing anything incidental to the sport, as if possessed of three or four hands. The man in the middle of the boat is seen holding the gaff.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DWARFING THE SALMON TO A MINNOW: A TARPOON'S WILD LEAP.

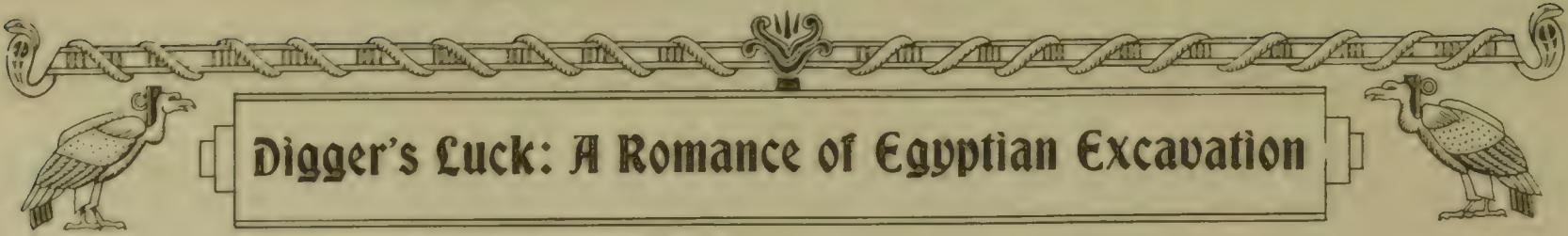
DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.



"THE GAMIEST OF SALMON COMPARES WITH THE GORGEOUS 'SILVER KING' AS A SATYR TO HYPERION": TARPON-FISHING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO—THE FINEST SPORT ON EARTH.

The Tarpon, the "Silver King," haunts the Gulf of Mexico and neighbouring waters. Some are over 7 ft. long and weigh over 200 lb. "The gamiest of salmon," we read in Messrs. A. W. and Julian A. Dimock's fascinating book, "Florida Enchantments" (Outing Publishing Company, New York), "compares with the gorgeous Silver King as a Satyr to Hyperion. As a game fish, the tarpon is in a class by himself. . . . Imagine a gracefully contorted body, as big as yourself, quivering ten feet in the air, panoplied with a thousand glittering

silver scales . . . surrounded by a halo of prismatic drops of flying water. . . . He leaps out of the water, several times his own length, from two to a score of times. . . . He may speed like a race-horse away from you until your 600 ft. of line runs out, or he may dash straight for your skiff, rubbing against it, diving under it, or even leaping over it and tangling you in your own line.¹² A double page of photographs of tarpon-fishing, by Mr. J. A. Dimock, appeared in our issue of July 17, 1920.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Digger's Luck: A Romance of Egyptian Excavation

KIPLING once remarked that excavating combined all the excitement of gold-mining with an intellectual pursuit. Indeed, it goes one better than mining, for the prospector gets little variety. His result is either positive or negative.

The surprises of digging are many. Surface indications; the location of the site; reports of previous diggers, both plunderers and scientific excavators—all give the archaeologist clues as to the nature of what may be expected to turn up below the ground which he has determined to clear. Often his calculations turn out to be wrong; but once in a while his luck is far above his hopes.

In the course of the work of the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on its concession on the west bank at Thebes, our attention had been drawn to that part of the site south of Deir el Bahri, among the spurs and cliffs of the mountain which separates the Valley of the Kings from the plain. Here, during the troublous times in Egypt, a good deal of plundering had been going on; and in forestalling some of this unauthorised digging I had been fortunate enough to find the burial-place of a young prince of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who had been torn to pieces by ancient tomb robbers in their search for gold, and had then been reburied by the priests of the Twenty-first Dynasty. The tomb had been in an almost inaccessible cranny of the cliff wall, and similar clefts in the rock face looked as if they too might contain hidden tombs.

At the beginning of the season of 1919-20, these were thoroughly cleared, but not a trace of occupation was found. A huge tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty—from its size and position evidently, that of a high official of the last of the Mentuhoteps—looked as if it might give us a chance of recouping our fortunes. Winlock, who was in charge of the excavations, looked it up, and found that work had been done on it in 1895 by Daressy, and that he had found fragments of finely painted relief there. We could see that the clearing of the forecourt at least had not been thoroughly done, and it was there that the sculpture had been found. Winlock finally decided that it was as good a chance as any, and the men were set to work there.

A very few days' work with a big gang of workmen laid bare the platform which had been the forecourt of the tomb. It had originally been in the form of a portico, and the walls had been built of fine imported limestone sculptured in low relief, and painted with a delicacy rarely equalled in Egyptian art. But of this only a few fragments were found, none of them as much as six inches square, and they only resulted in making our disappointment the keener. Two mauls, so rough that, if found in other circumstances, they would have been taken for Palaeolithic implements, suggested the ruthless manner in which the ancient quarrymen had broken up the sculptured blocks for building-stone.

So our hopes were dashed again.

In order to get an adequate plan of the tomb, it was necessary to clear the corridors and the two burial shafts. We were sure that we should get nothing in the way of antiquities in doing this, for the previous excavator had evidently dug them thoroughly, and the débris appeared to be nothing but stone fallen from the walls and ceiling. Still a good plan is better than nothing, and is always of interest to the archaeologist, if not to the layman.

So, as it is our practice always to clear and plan thoroughly, we felt obliged to do so in this case. Conscientiousness was rewarded.

In clearing the fallen rock from the main corridor, a workman dislodged a loose stone from the side near the floor, and the small chip began trickling into a small dark hole. It was the evening

It was too late to do anything except to seal up the crack, set a guard for the night, and speculate till late on what we thought we had seen, and what the morning would bring to light.

The next three days were the busiest of our several careers. To clear that small chamber of its contents before the change of air loosened the friable shale of the ceiling, and yet not to remove the different objects before all the evidence was recorded and the necessary photographs taken, was a job requiring hard work and nice judgment. But it was done; and just in time, for, soon after we had everything out, the stones began to fall.

The set of models, by far the finest as regards completeness and preservation which have ever been found in Egypt—the two companies of soldiers from Meir are the only ones which compare in work-

manship—present a picture of the life of an Egyptian noble and the activities on his estates which volumes of writing could not equal. In the largest scene he is seated in a portico. Beside him four scribes enumerate and record the herds of cattle being driven before him.

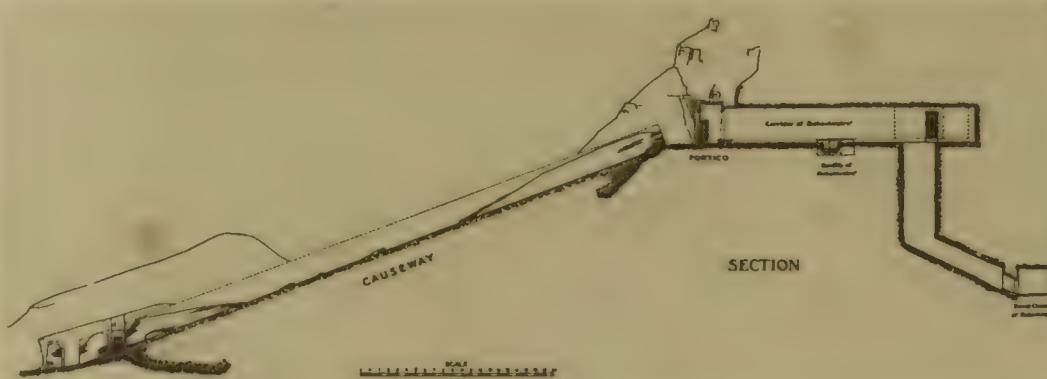
From among these cattle the choicest beeves are selected, and they are shown in the model of a cow stable, some eating from a manger, and others being fed from a pile of green fodder. It is evident that they are being fattened—indeed, the model-maker has given them such proportions that they could not squeeze through the doors of the stable if they tried. A third model in this group is the slaughter-house, where two oxen, bound in the manner in which they are shown on the reliefs, are having their throats cut. A further set of three models gives us a picture of the disposition of the produce of the fields. Sacks of grain are brought to the granary, in the anteroom of which scribes take down the amount coming from each farm, and give credit to the proper person. It is measured out, carried up a flight of steps and dumped into bins. In another model, the baking of bread and cakes is proceeding on one side of a dividing wall, and the brewing of beer on the other. The third shows a weaving establishment with women workers.

The most interesting of the house models are two gardens, almost identical. A porch, whose roof is supported by eight brightly-painted columns, looks out on a tank surrounded by seven sycamore trees. In the models, the pool is lined with copper, and may possibly have held water when it was placed in the tomb. These models are especially interesting from an architectural point of view, as few traces of columns from private houses have come down to us.

The noble—he was a prince and chancellor of the kingdom about 2000 B.C., by name Mehenk-wetra (an Egyptian equivalent of Heliодорus)—was evidently very fond of boating on the Nile, for no fewer than twelve different boats were found among this collection of models: boats rigged for sailing up stream, and others for paddling or rowing down-stream; comfortable boats, with large cabins and accompanying kitchen tenders, and smaller boats, for afternoon outings on the river.

Such is the life which the prince hoped to enjoy in the future world, through the magical virtue of these models. AMBROSE LANSING.

Our next issue will contain illustrations in detail of the above-described models, which give a contemporary picture of daily life in Egypt 4000 years ago, of unique and extraordinary interest.



THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE: A SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SLOPING CAUSEWAY LEADING UP TO THE ENTRANCE IN THE CLIFFS.—[By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.]

of March 17. Burton was in charge of the work, and was called by the excited foreman. The hole was small, and the passage dark, and even matches helped little to show what was hidden within. A hurriedly written note brought Winlock and myself up from the house with an electric torch. Each of us in turn glued his eye and the torch to the hole in the rock. None of us expect ever again

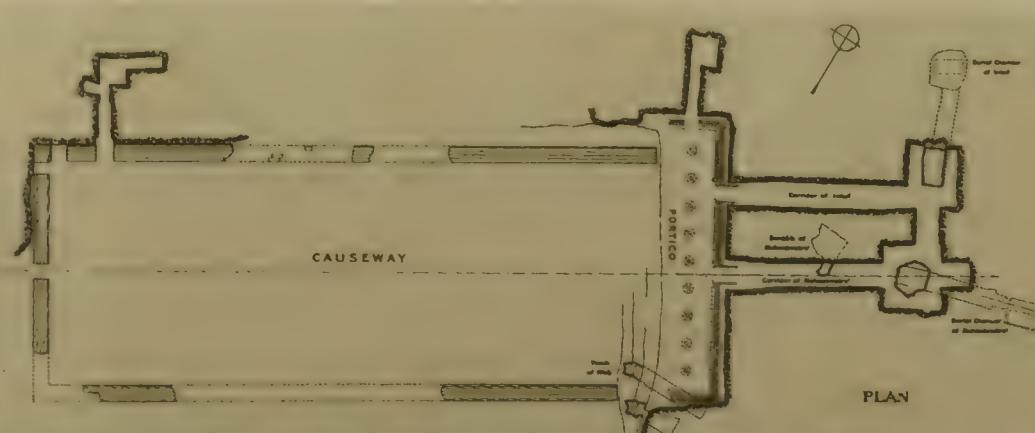


WHERE A GREAT FIND WAS MADE: THE CHAMBER OF MODELS BEFORE IT WAS OPENED.

The photograph shows the brick wall blocking the chamber and the crack above through which the first glimpse of the interior was obtained.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

to have such a sight appear to us. "The beam of light shot into a little world of four thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going



THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE: A GROUND PLAN OF THE CAUSEWAY, PORTICO, AND TWO CORRIDORS RUNNING INTO THE CLIFF.—[By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.]

this way and that. A tall, slender girl gazed across at me perfectly composed; a gang of little men with sticks in their upraised hands drove spotted oxen; rowers tugged at their oars on a fleet of boats, while one ship seemed foundering right in front of me, with its bow balanced precariously in the air. And all of this busy going and coming was in uncanny silence."

YIELDING SECRETS KEPT FOR 4000 YEARS: CLIFF TOMBS OF THEBES.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



"EACH NOON AND EVENING A PROCESSION OF WORKMEN WENT DOWN FROM THE CLIFF CARRYING TRAY-LOADS OF MODELS":
A REMARKABLE FIND BY AMERICAN DIGGERS IN EGYPT.



"GREAT BUTTRESSED CLIFFS OF TAWNY LIMESTONE PRACTICALLY ENCLOSE A DEEP CIRCUS": THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB (RIGHT)
AND SLOPING CAUSEWAY LEADING UP TO IT.

The discovery, by American excavators in a cliff-tomb near Thebes, of a small chamber containing numerous little models—servants, boats, buildings, and so on—of Egyptian life 4000 years ago, ranks among the greatest archaeological "finds" of recent years. They were buried near the tomb of Mehenkwtre Chancellor and Steward of the Royal Palace, about 2000 B.C., to serve him after death. The thrilling story of their chance discovery is told in the article opposite. "The site," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, leader of the expedition, in the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "is weirdly impressive. The

great buttressed cliffs of tawny limestone practically enclose a deep circus a quarter of a mile in diameter. . . . High above, around the rim of the circus, where the cliffs start vertically upward, are the black mouths of the tombs of the courtiers. Mehenkwtre had chosen the side of a mountain spur, grading the slope until he had an avenue 25 yards wide and 80 yards long which climbs the hill at an angle of 20 degrees. . . . We were three days photographing, planning, and removing the models from the tomb to the house. Each noon and evening a procession of workmen went down from the cliff carrying tray-loads."



SEEN THROUGH A HOLE IN A ROCK: A LITTLE WORLD OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO REVEALED BY A BEAM OF LIGHT.

The "find" illustrated on this and other pages is one of the most remarkable of all cases of "Digger's Luck." During the clearing of fallen rock from a corridor, a small, dark hole was found. An electric torch was fetched. "The beam of light," writes Mr. Herbert E. Winlock, "shot into a little world of four thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going this way and that. A tall, slender girl gazed across at me perfectly composed." The discovery, which was made in Egypt, near Thebes, is fully described in an article on a previous page.

By COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

SERVITORS OF THE DEAD: MODELS OF AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S LIFE.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



SMELLING A LOTUS BUD: MEHENKWETRE LISTENING TO HIS MINSTRELS, A SINGER AND A BLIND HARPER



THE PORTICO OF A THEBAN HOUSE: DETAIL FROM A MODEL OF A GARDEN SCENE.



WITH BASKETS OF WINE-JUGS, BREAD AND MEAT, AND EACH CARRYING A DUCK: MODELS OF GIRLS IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S LIFE 4000 YEARS AGO: MEHENKWETRE IN HIS PORCH COUNTING HIS CATTLE BEING DRIVEN PAST—
A MODEL PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER BEFORE ANYTHING WAS TOUCHED.

"The twenty-four models which Mehenkwetre had prepared for his tomb," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, "to supply his wants in the years to come . . . depict the life of the Nile Valley 4000 years ago. . . . On either side of the chamber stood the statues of two girls—one with a basket of wine-jugs, and the other with a basket of meats and breads upon her head, and each with a live duck in her hand. They are carved of wood, half life-size. . . . Largest and most imposing of all was a model showing the noble at the counting of his cattle, in the court-

yard before his house. Here he sits, with his son and heir squatting on the floor on one side, and four clerks on the other. . . . The figures average eight or nine inches high. . . . Two model gardens were provided for the soul of the great man—models which . . . are unique. There is a cool, deep porch with gaily painted columns: at the back of the porch a great double doorway. . . . On each boat Mehenkwetre sits in his chair at his ease smelling a lotus bud, with a singer. . . . In one case the singer is accompanied by a blind harper."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE human interest is a strong factor in collecting; ribands and glasses, snuff-boxes and locks of hair, and other personal relics are on a plane apart. It is difficult to gauge the tastes and predilections of otherwise easily understandable people. There was George Selwyn, wit and man of fashion, the friend of Walpole, who never missed an execution. When upbraided by a Duchess for his going to the Tower to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he retorted, "I made full amends, for I went to see it sewn on again."

The collection of first editions, apart from intrinsic value, possibly grew from the curiosity to see what a shabby little volume the first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" was, or to handle some of Dickens's serial parts in their green covers, which brought tearful remonstrances from his readers to deal tenderly with the heroine.

A three days' sale on April 4, 5, and 6, of valuable books, chiefly by celebrated English writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, conducted by Messrs. Sotheby, promises to be of unusual character. The largest and most important Kipling collection ever offered for sale, Lots 1 to 213, is to be offered as one lot. It comprises rarities hitherto unknown of this voluminous writer. It includes pamphlets published at a penny, now described as "exceedingly rare," and offered as one lot. The illustrated catalogue alone is an education in Kipling's activities. Robert Louis Stevenson has his first edition of "Treasure Island," 1883, but this came out serially in a defunct journal—"Young Folks' Weekly Budget"—under the auspices of Dr. Japp, published in the early 'eighties by Henderson and Son, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. The field is large and varied—Harrison Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, W. W. Jacobs, Gissing, and a score of others, all in first editions. The *bonne bouche* is a rare Shelley manuscript volume, "A Philosophical View of Reform," with notes of some of his poems, and a landscape drawing by Shelley of considerable merit. It is the most important Shelley manuscript item that has appeared for years.

Autograph letters, when they come from a good fount, claim the reverence of posterity. The opening of the closet of a great *littérateur* may open the flood-gates of history. We all watch for the unexpected in unpublished letters. In yesteryears persons of station did not publish their intimate correspondence for a mess of pottage. There was one lady who held certain letters from the Duke of Wellington and threatened to make them public, to which the old Duke retorted laconically, "Dear Fanny, publish and be damn'd."

A two days' sale by Messrs. Sotheby on April 11 and 12 offers unusual items. There are the Redgrave Hall Muniments, manor rolls, charters, and deeds stored since the sixteenth century by Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper under Elizabeth, and his son, the half-brother to Francis Bacon; Lord Verulam. The whole is to be offered, some 227 items, as one lot, or sold separately. Here is a chance for Baconians. What Shakespeare-Bacon find of cryptogrammatic virtue may be here enshrined! Other letters at the same sale include

Fulke Greville's account of the £10,000 provided to convey the troops to Danzig to assist the King of Poland against the Turks. It has quite a modern ring, especially when we find that the Polish Ambassador, who received £2300, refused to refund it on the ground that the expedition never reached Danzig—"balances irrecoverable" again. A rich pool is that of the collection of autograph letters of the late Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, the great-grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott. Dickens had his "Edwin Drood"; here

A red chalk drawing, a study of a lady holding a fan, by Watteau, came from the collection of Lady Henry Bentinck. Some interesting Mervels, one signed and dated 1617, portraits of ladies, won favour. A Northcote portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds in brown coat, white vest, powdered hair, and wearing spectacles, came up for assessment.

On the 18th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in their sale of old English furniture and porcelain, included a set of six Hepplewhite chairs with shaped backs, the tops carved with Prince of Wales' feathers, and a Charles II. walnut marqueterie chest of drawers, inlaid with seaweed ornament.

On the same day the firm sold engravings, etchings, and modern drawings, including one or two nice items. There was a Helleu "Duchess of Marlborough," signed proof; Scott Bridgwater's "Mrs. Carnac," mezzotint, signed proof; some of Frank Short's signed-proof mezzotints after Turner's "Liber Studiorum," and other Turner pieces, including Lupton's "Sheerness" and "Scarborough," proofs before letters. F. Petitjean, with his "Le Couche de la Mariée" and "Le Bain," in colours, signed proofs, was noticeable. Two portraits had a pedigree as coming from the collection of John Adams of Gosport, who married Caroline Wheatley—Hamilton's portrait of Francis Wheatley (an oval), and Downman's portrait of Mrs. Wheatley. "Morning" and "Evening," by J. Barne, after F. Wheatley, and "The Rapacious Steward" and the "Benevolent Heir" by H. Gillbank, after W. R. Bigg, in mezzotint, came up with untrimmed margins in fine condition.

Messrs. Christie on the 22nd were selling the property of the late Rev. J. F. W. Woodyeare, which included a powdered-blue oviform vase, Kange-He, in *famille-verte*, enamelled with landscapes, and a pair of cylindrical powdered-blue vases painted with river scenes in blue. Other Kange-He examples offered were a *famille-verte* bowl, enamelled with a procession of boats, and a vase with flowering plants and rocks in panels. A Chelsea dessert service, painted with birds, trees, and branches of fruit, had the coveted gold anchor mark.

The important sale of Italian pictures and early English portraits, one of the most interesting of the season, conducted by Messrs. Christie on the 18th, produced the looked-for prices. In regard to the "Beggar's Opera," by Hogarth, we think of Swift, who suggested the idea of a Newgate pastoral to Gay. It was shown to Congreve, who read it and said: "It will either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." The play is having its run to-day, and Hogarth's picture of the cast (from the Huth collection) which was illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of Feb. 19, claimed its guerdon from posterity.

"Miss Emelia Vansittart," painted by Reynolds in 1773, made a good price, as did Romney's portraits of the "Clavering Children," painted in 1777, a spirited piece, and "Lady Napier," a sound canvas—all three appearing in *The Illustrated London News* of March 12.



USED AT GEORGE WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION: THE BIBLE ON WHICH PRESIDENT HARDING TOOK THE OATH—THE TITLE-PAGE.

At his inauguration as twenty-ninth President of the United States at Washington on March 4, Mr. Warren G. Harding took the oath on the Bible that was used when George Washington became the first President, in 1789, and stood by the table on which Lincoln's hand had rested. The title-page of the Bible (dated 1767) bears the imprint of "Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty."—[Photograph by Keystone View Company.]

is Scott's equivalent of "Edwin Drood"—the unpublished manuscript of a second series of his "Tales from French History." It was commenced in May 1831, laid aside, and never resumed. The publisher's reader was averse from its publication; but here it is, the fragment of a great



OPEN AT THE PAGE WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON PLACED HIS HAND WHEN TAKING THE OATH: THE HISTORIC BIBLE USED BY PRESIDENT HARDING AT HIS INAUGURATION.

The two illustrations on the left-hand page represent Genesis, XLIX, 13 and 14: "Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Zidon. Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens." Zebulun is seen on the left, with net and anchor; Issachar, with an ass, on the right.

Photograph by Topical.

genius, flickering and on the eve of extinction. The Scott papers embrace some 5000 letters to the Wizard of the North from the great men of his day.

Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding sold on the 17th a collection of pictures, the property of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and other properties. Connoisseurs found variety and charm.

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

V.—“THE CONQUEST OF THE LAND.”

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

OVER and over again in the history of animal life, representatives of aquatic stocks have colonised the dry land. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we said that one of the great unspoken wishes of animals was to get out of the water. In any case, it is almost certain that the great majority of land animals arose from ancestors in the sea, some of them making the transition—which might require a million years—through fresh waters. If it be asked why land animals may not have begun on land, instead of being derived from marine ancestors, part of the answer is that land animals carry about in their bodies the tell-tale evidences of a marine or aquatic ancestry. Thus all embryo reptiles, birds, and mammals have gill-clefts on the sides of their neck, and in two or three cases, in reptile and bird, traces of the gills themselves have been recently found. These gill-clefts are of no use for breathing in reptiles, birds, and mammals; they are historic relics; they soon disappear, except the first one, which becomes a tube leading from the ear-passage to the back of the mouth. Then there is the very remarkable fact that the proportions of salts in the blood have a close correspondence with the proportions in sea-water, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the salt composition of even our own blood represents that of the seas of long ago—the early Cambrian period—when blood began.

The conditions of life on dry land are too difficult for beginners or apprentices. There is much more oxygen available than in the water; but it is not so easily captured. The skin of land animals requires protection, and it ceases to be able to absorb oxygen. In the water an animal can move up and down, along and anywhere; but a land animal is limited to one plane of movement—the surface of the earth; unless, indeed, it becomes a burrower, or a climber of trees, or learns to fly. A third great difficulty of the dry land, as compared with the water, is that it is impossible simply to drop the eggs or the young ones, as so many aquatic creatures do. The dry land is not a good cradle.

When we look at some parts of the dry land—the sand-dunes, the rocky island, the desert, the mountain-top—we feel at once that this is a haunt very much more difficult than the sea or the lake. It is plain that no great colonisation by animals was possible till after plants had prepared the way, and provided food, shelter, and moisture. There seems no doubt that long ages passed before land plants began; for while there are fossil-records of seaweeds in very ancient

rocks, there are no definite records of land-plants before the time of the Old Red Sandstone; and it was not till ages after that that grass began to cover the earth like a garment. As to the origin of land plants, it is possible that very simple plants migrated from the sea to the fresh waters, and thence into the swampy ground, and gradually gave rise to a land vegetation, making, as it were,

against too much heat and light, and the disappearance of gills.

In the water there is greater freedom of movement, and more “anyhow” movements are permissible; on land the movements have to be more precise and very quick. This meant better brains. The conquest of the land also led to new ways of caring for the young, such as hiding them

in underground nests (Fig. 9), or keeping them within the mother’s body for a long time before birth, or carrying them about after birth, as in kangaroos and opossums. A water-snail lays its eggs in the water, and they soon develop into free-swimming embryos; the Cape Peripatus carries its young before birth for over a year. When it became possible to take great care of the young creatures, it also became possible for animals to have smaller families without running any risk of losing their place in the sun. And this is curiously wrapped up with the growth of brains and the growth of love. The cod-fish has its two million eggs, and there is terrific infantile mortality; the golden eagle has usually two eggs, and the eaglets get a good start in life.

Of great interest are the betwixt-and-between animals, at present in transition between water and dry land. Thus the big robber-crab (Fig. 3) of some of the Pacific Islands goes up the mountains and climbs the coco-palms and breaks off the nuts. In a case like this there has to be a yearly journey to the sea, for the infancy has to be passed in the old aquatic home. On many tropical shores there is a fish called *Periophthalmus* (Fig. 4), which skips about among the rocks, hunting small animals, or climbs on the roots of the mangrove trees and looks round with strangely protruding, very mobile eyes.

Along with the dry land we must include the underground world in which many animals have sought safety. It is likely that earthworms sprang from a fresh-water stock (a few of them, like Alma and Dero, have still got gills); when they became terrestrial and discovered the possibility of living beneath the ground, they must have had for a time a sort of golden age, free from enemies. But other creatures made the same discovery, the centipedes first, then some carnivorous burrowing beetles, and, ages afterwards, the mole. This has always been the way of life. Another haunt is the cave, which has given shelter to blind (Fig. 5) and infirm animals, and to those who are in no way weaklings, but simply do not like the light of day.



FIG. 6.—A SURVIVOR OF THE LEADERS OF THE SECOND GREAT INVASION OF THE LAND, AIR-BREATHING ARTHROPODS: THE “SHY AND ELUSIVE” PERIPATUS.

a fresh start. But one of our botanists has recently argued that the highly developed shore-vegetation of seaweeds may have given origin to the dry-land plants. If the coast was slowly raised, as it often was, the great seaweeds might be gradually transformed into land plants.

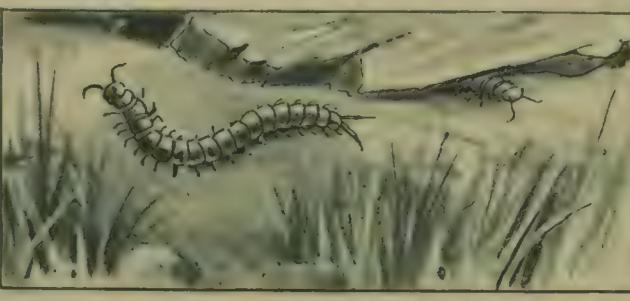


FIG. 7.—CREATURES TO WHICH THE SECOND INVASION OF THE LAND LED ON: CENTIPEDES.

In the conquest of the dry land one can distinguish three great invasions or colonisations. The first was the *Worm-Invasion*, led by simple worms, which had begun the profitable habit of moving with one end of the body always in front, and had, for the first time, acquired head-brains. It led on to the earthworms (Fig. 1), and its great result was the making of the fertile soil of the world. The second was the *Air-breathing Arthropod-Invasion*, led by simple jointed-footed animals, surviving in the shy and elusive Peripatus (Fig. 6), a sort of connecting-link between worms and insects. It led on to centipedes (Fig. 7), millipedes, insects, and spiders; and it seems fair to say that its great result was the establishing of a linkage between flowering plants and the insect-visitors who carry the fertilising golden dust or pollen from blossom to blossom (Fig. 8). The third was the *Backboned-Invasion*, led by the ancestors of our frogs and toads, and leading on to reptiles (Fig. 2), birds, and mammals. This was the opening-up of new possibilities for animals, and in the long run it led to man. No doubt there were other colonisations, like that which led to land-crabs (Fig. 3) and wood-lice; or that which led to snails and slugs; but the three greatest attempts to conquer the dry land were made by Worms, the air-breathing Arthropods, and Amphibians.

What did the conquest imply? It meant new ways of capturing the oxygen of the air, which keeps the fire of life burning. Thus insects got their air-tubes, carrying fresh air into every hole and corner of the body—surely part of the secret of their great activity; and amphibians got lungs, probably transformations of the swim-bladder of fishes. It was also a great event, probably beginning on the shore, when certain worms began to have red blood, for the iron-containing red pigment gave an increased power of capturing oxygen, and opened the portal of a more vigorous life. The capturing of air *inside* the body should be thought of in connection with the need for tougher skins, protecting the animal



FIG. 8.—HOW CATS CAN INCREASE THE CLOVER CROP: HUMBLE-BEES—THEIR FRIENDS AND FOES.

“Darwin showed,” writes Professor Thomson, “that if the purple clover is to bear seed it must be visited by humble-bees carrying the fertilising golden dust or pollen. The field-mice, or voles, destroy the combs and grubs of the humble-bees. The cat from the cottage kills the field-mouse, though it does not eat it. The more cats, the fewer field-mice; the more humble-bees, and the better next year’s clover crop! Such is the web of life.”



FIG. 9.—THE FIRST PLASTERER AND THE FIRST HINGE-MAKER: THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER AND ITS NEST.

“This interesting little animal was the first plasterer and the first hinge-maker. A carefully hinged door over the top prevents the ingress of all intruders.” The nest in the foreground is shown in section, with lid opening. That on the left is closed, and that on the right almost closed, with the spider just disappearing inside.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: AQUATIC COLONISERS OF THE DRY LAND.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



1

The First Great Invasion
led on to Earth-Worms and
the making of fertile soil.



2

The Australian
Frilled Lizard

which is at present
becoming a biped.

When it runs for a short
distance it folds its big
collar round its neck.

3

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN ANIMALS—
The big Robber Crab (Birousastro)
that climbs the coco-nut palm and
breaks off the nuts.



4

The Third Great Invasion
hinted at by "Periophthalmus"—the little mud-skipper which
ascends the trunks and branches of trees.



Proteus—a blind
cave newt
without pigment

V.—THE CONQUEST OF THE LAND: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S
FIFTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Professor Thomson has already dealt with his first three lectures—"The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Depths," and "The Fresh Waters"—in his abridgments published, with illustrations, in our issues of February 26, March 5, 12, and 19. In the present number he tells the no less fascinating story of the colonisation of the dry land by aquatic creatures of the dim past, some of whose descendants still survive. In this land-colonising process, he tells

us, there were three main stages—the Worm Invasion, the Arthropod Invasion, and the Back-boned Invasion. One of the surviving creatures that recall the last-named invasion is the African Mud-Fish, illustrated in our last issue. There are still some creatures, such as the Robber Crab of the Pacific Islands, in a "betwixt-and-between" stage of transition between the water and the land, and there are many amphibians.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

HEROISM, what an inspiring force it is! Ah! if in my Peter Pannish enthusiasm I had not been a critic, doomed to untoward neutrality, how I should have jumped on my seat at the Philharmonic Hall, and shouted myself hoarse in acclamation of that great comedy-drama, "The Ross Smith Flight," and its hero, who, in the simplicity of the humblest of mortals, yet in wonderful power of graphic description, studded with humour born of happy thoughts, tells a tale so thrilling, so inspiring, so uplifting that it dwarfs the modern romances of fiction, bar those of our prophetic genius, H. G. Wells. A film is not strictly drama, but a film such as this belongs to the World of the Theatre because it makes a theatre of the world, and encompasses in picture and in word all the noble thoughts and emotions of a lofty play. Talk of the educational power of the film—well, here it is *in excelsis*. In this journey of rare adventure and wonderful sights, there is more unobtrusive instruction than in a sheaf of books; above all, there is the manifestation of the virile qualities of valour and perseverance. Let every man, woman, and child behold "The Ross Smith Flight," and profit by its message of patriotism and progress.

What a splendid, coercive brain has Mr. Somerset Maugham! That "devil of a man," as our neighbours say affectionately of very clever people, shares with "G. B. S." the unique gift of setting up impossible propositions and impelling us to accept them seriously as if "people did such things." Besides, a doctor as well as many other things, he knows human nature inside out, and with a wit almost exotic in its nimbleness, he coins phrases as fraught with meaning as complete volumes. But in his audacity, and always inclined to judge humanity with his tongue in his cheek, he sometimes crystallises symptoms into an incorrect diagnosis which imperils the fate of his "case." It is thus in his latest Haymarket play, "The Circle," clever to a fault, vastly interesting, impossible of postulate, yet plausible until well-nigh the end, when his heroine, unmoved by the *beau geste* of her husband to set her free with ample means, elects to leave this man of small horizon, yet human possibilities, to follow the young lover who promises her nothing better than physical pleasure, a life of adventure and, in his own words depicting his character, a kind of purgatorial existence that must end in unhappiness. No, my dear Maugham, she would not have gone with him, although you will force us to believe it. After all, you have painted her as a young, impressionable, womanly woman? Such a woman has a heart, and, when it is touched by unexpected revelations of generosity and love in her husband, there is likely to be introspection and reaction. The pit and gallery felt that, and did not mince matters; and we, too, felt sorry that a fine piece of work was blurred by an unacceptable, cynical ending. The acting was as admirable as the portrayals by the author: Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Allan Aynsworth, Mr. Leon Quartermaine all added to their laurels. By gad, there is some fine acting in London these days!

Yes, there is! Whatever may be said against "The Ninth Earl," by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton—that it is melodrama of a novelette pattern, that it is a one-man's play, that it is not of the same distinguished fibre as Besier's usual work—the fact remains that the character-drawing

of the ex-convict-Earl is a fine piece of work. There is life in it, and soul, and the tragic note, and such agony as creates infinite sympathy under the surface; there is more—there is a fierce condemnation of our prison system, which degenerates men into automatons, and sends back into the world wreckage instead of mended craft. But that is another story, of such portent that I dare not go further than mere indication in this page. Let all who take interest in criminology

act—that self-examination of a lonely soul who, in his solitude, speaks to himself of himself and the woes that rend his bosom—should not be spoken to the audience, it should be uttered, as it were, over the table at which he takes his meal in solitude. That would be the right aspect—the other is theatrical, and not in the picture. This said, there remains but a chorus of praise for the new actor-manager, of whom great things were expected, and who, in one march, has reached the summit. In Miss Jessie Winter he had a charming companion on the thorny path. In the last act she was truly touching—I thought of that symbolic saying: the heart of a woman can turn a desert into a Garden of Eden.

Do those who follow the blessed work in honour of Shakespeare at the "Old Vic" realise that the young generation is grappling with a titanic task—realise what it means to play "The Merchant of Venice" to-day, "Julius Caesar" to-morrow, "Hamlet" anon, with endless rehearsals to fill in the gaps? And these herculean efforts are conspicuous—thanks to the vigilance of the "Old Vic's" excellent producer, Mr. Robert Atkins—for their smoothness and ease; these hard-working young people are "word-perfect," however much is demanded of them. This is itself a noteworthy fact, since many a West-End production betrays signs of un-readiness after weeks of rehearsal. When, in addition, individual achievement, unheralded and unparagraphed, reaches a remarkable level, it is a matter for congratulation to the young actors whose devotion and labour are thus rewarded, and to Miss Baylis, whose "Home of Shakespeare" gives them golden opportunities.

Mr. Ernest Milton's "Hamlet," coming, as it does, after a racial and powerful Shylock, an eloquent Mark Antony, and an impassioned Romeo is a stepping-stone in his career. Two years ago his Hamlet was an arresting figure. Now, having lost nothing of his sensitiveness, he has rounded off corners, and broadened his conception. And what he gives us is sincere—free of extravagant "business" invented beneath the midnight oil. We feel that such as this may Hamlet well have been: determined on the deed of revenge, vacillating as to the when and how, brooding at one moment, the next rapid in speech as a river in spate—a slim, lonely figure, his energy lamed by the self-questionings of youth, doubt, and shattered illusions. We may find matter for criticism here and there, but Ernest Milton has shown us something of the very soul of Hamlet.

There is plenty of other talent rallying round the banner of Miss Baylis: Florence Saunders, whose temperament matches her picturesque beauty; Mary Sumner, of the tender notes and gentle dignity; Rupert Harvey, a sound and manly actor, whose Hamlet should prove interesting; Wilfrid Walter—to mention but a few in an enthusiastic company.

Hail! Hayden Coffin, on your return to comic opera! So the prophecy proffered to you at the O.P. dinner of Grossmith and Laurillard has come true. What feelings must have heaved your breast when, after "umpteen" years, on the self-same stage of the Empire whence started your fame, we greeted you with a rousing cheer! Nor has time marred your youth; evergreen, a better actor than before, a voice still ringing with emotion, you were an outstanding figure in "The Rebel Maid." Now let them give you a real song to sing, and once more you will be the king of the playgoers' heart!



A RELEASED CONVICT WHO HAS INHERITED A PEERAGE, AND HAS NO FRIENDS: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS THE EARL OF RADENHAM, IN "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

and the criminal see the play. It will open their eyes, as well as their hearts. Above all, their hearts, for Mr. Norman McKinnel's impersonation is an achievement of such power, such feeling, such human chording of every accent, that I do not hesitate to apply to it the word of which I am so chary—the word "great"! To summarise my impression, I can but think of one tragic



THE FRIENDLESS EARL PAYS £2000 TO GET RID OF FALSE ACQUAINTANCES: THE END OF ACT II. OF "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From left to right the figures are: Miss Jessie Winter as Margot Sexton, Miss Frances Wetherall as Mrs. Sexton, Mr. Lindsay as Mr. Sexton, Mr. Fletcher as Andrew Sexton, Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Earl.—[Photo. Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.]

character of which this Ninth Earl is a kind of modern counterfoil—King Lear. Yet, I would alter one part of the conception which Mr. McKinnel, being actor and producer at the same time has not rightly focussed. The long soliloquy in the last

POPULAR WITH PARIS REVELLERS, AS IN LONDON: THE TOY BALLOON.

DRAWN BY RENE LELONG.



A TOY THAT ADDS TO THE GAIETY OF DANCES IN PARIS AS IN LONDON: A "BATTLE OF BALLOONS"
AT A MI-CARÈME BAL MASQUÉ AT THE OPERA.

No fancy-dress dance is complete nowadays without a plentiful supply of toy balloons. All in different colours, they add brilliance to the scene, while at the same time they lend themselves admirably to the uses of frivolity. They can be dropped from above on to the heads of the dancers, bandied lightly from hand to hand, kicked about like airy footballs, or driven with mock ferocity into pretty faces and against gleaming shoulders without fear of offence. They evoke naturally a spirit of mirth and joyous frolic. As our drawing shows, the toy

balloon is as popular in Paris as in London. The particular scene represented is a *Bal Masqué* at the *Opera* during *Mi-Carême*, got up by the *Maison des Journalistes*. There was a procession of the *Paris* theatres, each represented by characters from its current programme. Dancing took place all over the theatre, on the floor of the house, on the stage, in the foyer, and in the galleries. The revelry reached its height when a cloud of balloons descended from the boxes on to the dancers below.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes.

The article printed below is a condensation of one by M. Ludovic Naudeau, the well-known French writer, who was sent to Ireland by our contemporary "L'Illustration," in order that he might study the Irish question on the spot and report upon it. M. Naudeau is unbiased, and it is particularly interesting, therefore, to see how the problem of Ireland appears to a Frenchman of knowledge and experience.

WHEN, on arriving at a hotel in London, I found all the war-time questioning renewed, I naturally thought that it would be much worse when I got to Dublin. But nothing of the kind occurred. I was presented with a pre-war visitors' book, in which I signed my name, and that was all. There were no signs of terrorism. I thought I had been deceived. Where was the terror I had heard so much of ?

On my way from the boat to the hotel, I passed through streets which were brilliantly lit; all the largest shops were open; the jewels sparkled in the electric light; there were crowds at the doors of the picture palaces. Huge tram-cars lumbered along; unarmed soldiers walked about mingling with the crowd, some of them flirting with servant girls. In the public-houses men were drinking beer and spirits. As in London and Paris, women, young girls, and children were walking about the streets, obviously quite unafraid. The soft white mist of a mild winter evening increased the feeling of rather dull peacefulness.

I dined late, I wrote some letters, and then decided to explore the streets. The hotel porter warned me that the curfew would soon be sounded, and that no one was allowed to walk about the streets after ten, and that if I did I ran the risk of being arrested, and perhaps even shot. On hearing this, I promptly returned to my room and started studying Irish history. At one in the morning, just as I was getting off to sleep, the sound of an explosion startled me. Then I heard firing, which was going on in the fog at 500 or 600 metres away from the hotel. So people do fight in the Dublin streets at night? Then another bomb exploded, then again the sound of firing, then silence; and I fell asleep, having previously come to the conclusion that such things apparently did happen.

THE SINN FEIN LEADERS.

The soldiers, the guns that can be seen about the streets—all the forces directed by the Viceroy and Sir Hamar Greenwood—seem so predominant that it is really difficult to believe that there are people mad enough to oppose the orders of Dublin Castle. And yet there exist, in the very heart of Dublin, other authorities, other leaders, who have the sympathy of an immense majority of the population. There is another Governing Force; the English do not see it, cannot discover it; they only feel its organisation. Some London Sinn Feiners, by means unknown to me, recommended me to their Dublin confederates, and, twenty-four hours after my arrival, some harmless-looking emissaries managed to let me have an address where I would meet some of the chief Sinn Fein leaders, who were actually wanted by the police and on the run. I found these leaders, not in the midst of a dark forest, or in the Donegal caves; nor were they desperate-looking fugitives: they were most ordinary in appearance, occupying a commonplace house or office in Dublin. The fact that they were inconspicuous was of great advantage to them. They were men of whom the British authorities heard daily, but of whom they actually knew nothing at all, and whose exact description they have not even got. I did not see Mr. De Valera, it is true, but that was merely because I did not want to see him, and because his lieutenants proved to me how dangerous the smallest imprudence would be to him, and I did not want the responsibility of running him into any risks. But I have often had prolonged interviews with those who belong to the Sinn Fein General Staff, and who a short time previously had conferred with the President of the possible future Republic. One of them said to me—

" What paralyses the British authorities in Ireland is the lack of a good Intelligence Department. They do not know us. They know nothing about us. In India the British Intelligence Department is a marvellous thing. And why? Because it consists chiefly of natives who spy on their fellow-countrymen. But here the situation is different. There are but few Irishmen who are willing to serve Dublin Castle, and those are known, watched, and isolated. Nowadays Irish national feeling is so strong that betrayal is

almost impossible. You will understand why presently. Every Irishman does not take part in the Sinn Fein war, but every Irishman feels sympathetically towards us. Our Intelligence Department is the whole nation, unanimously devoted to the idea of its liberation. Consequently, if an Irishman with a sordid mind feels inclined to betray his confederates, he is immediately found out and denounced by all the Irishmen who surround him and who are not traitors. Our strength lies in

either the enormous army of occupation which would be necessary, or the Intelligence service without which she is helpless. Our tactics are to make the occupation of Ireland very expensive for the British, and a thoroughly bad job. They will end by clearing out. We feel no hatred towards the English individually: you will notice that their commercial travellers and journalists can travel about the country in all security. We only attack the British Government, the representatives of British authority—that is to say, the oppressors who make us suffer."

(Here M. Naudeau goes on to state the difficulties of a Frenchman with regard to the Irish, especially owing to their attitude during the war. He warns them most emphatically that views such as those put forth in the *Irish Review* regarding Germany will never gain them the sympathy of the French.)

THE IRISH CAUSE.

Let us put our case clearly. In 1916, intellectual Ireland, exasperated by her hatred of Great Britain, speculated on the triumph of Germany, on which she had founded all her hopes. And it is enough for us to ask ourselves what would have happened to Europe generally, and what would have been the fate of France in particular, if these hopes had been realised, to temper our pity with lucid and firm reasoning, which, however, must not make us mis-judge the justice of the Irish cause. Now the Sinn Fein leaders tell us: "In 1916 we did not betray anybody, for during seven centuries Ireland has continued to declare that she was not English, and that she would not be English. . . . Ireland loves France, but her love of France is less great than her hatred of British tyranny. Had she been free in 1914, she would then have spontaneously offered her sword to France; but as she was not free, she had to think of her own freedom first." . . .

ENGLISH OPINION.

The paper is dated "Dublin, Tuesday, April 25, 1916." The article on the front page compares the state of Ireland to that of England if conquered by Germany. Under "Stop Press" (elsewhere) is a statement that "The Irish Republic was proclaimed in Dublin on Easter Monday, 24 April," with the names of seven members of the "Provisional Government."

the fact that we are fighting in our own country amidst a population which is devoted to us, which sees in Sinn Fein the sword of its people—a population which know, loves, and helps us—whereas the English are not in their own country : in spite of a domination of seven centuries, they know nothing of Ireland. Our island, though insufficiently populated—or rather, depopulated through emigration enforced



IRISH HISTORY THAT HAS REPEATED ITSELF: "AN ATTACK ON THE POLICE BY THE INSURGENTS UNDER SMITH O'BRIEN," IN 1848. The crowd attacking the police barracks is armed with blunderbusses, pikes,

and pitchforks. The police are firing from the Contemporary Point, established on the site. Right off

by the English—is nearly as large as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland put together. The English keep here, on a war footing, 60,000 soldiers, and about 15,000 auxiliary police, and these forces are supplied with several thousand armoured cars, tanks, lorries, and aeroplanes, and that at a minimum cost of £250,000 a week. Well, 60,000 or 75,000 men mean something, but they are quite insufficient to dominate a country like ours. Let us be quite frank. In order to reduce us, England has not got

and, as it is quite obvious that the whole of Ireland is in the conspiracy, we must punish the whole country in self-defence."

whole country in self-defence. This concise declaration was quite logical, but it increased my doubts. Is Ireland a nation? A persecuted nation has the right to use all means to gain its independence. The same means, however, cease to be heroic and become mere criminal folly when used by a rebellious province. Once more, is Ireland a nation? Is there a moral justification for the murders committed? To try and find this out, I travelled for six weeks throughout Ireland—from Dublin to Cork and Limerick and from Galway to Belfast.

(To be continued next week.)

SAID TO FAVOUR POLAND FOR THE PLEBISCITE: SILESIAN COAL-MINERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



UP-TO-DATE MINING METHODS IN UPPER SILESIA: A BENZOL-DRIVEN ENGINE IN THE RICHTERSCHACHT MINE.



FITTED UP HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW GROUND: AN ENGINE-REPAIRING WORKSHOP IN THE MATHILDEGRUBE MINE.



MINERS' CLOTHES HUNG HIGH ON PADLOCKED CHAINS, AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST PICKPOCKETS: A CLOAK-ROOM FOR GERMAN MINERS, NEAR KATTOWITZ.



WOMEN AS COAL-MINERS IN UPPER SILESIA: A GANG OF GIRLS REMOVING A LOADED TRUCK.



WITH RUNNING WATER AT THE SIDE: AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE BETWEEN TWO COAL-MINES NEAR KATTOWITZ.

The province of Upper Silesia in Prussia, on the Polish border, is a centre of interest just now in connection with the Plebiscite to be held there in April to determine whether it shall belong to Germany or Poland. Its importance is largely due to the fact that it contains a great coal-field. The voting is likely to be very close, as the two nationalities are much mixed, especially in the Kattowitz district. It is expected that a large majority of the coal-miners will

favour Poland, also most of the peasants and villagers living east of the Oder. The ironworkers, railway employees, and educated classes, it is thought, will vote for Germany. A company of leading Berlin actors and actresses are touring the chief towns with German plays by way of propaganda, as they did in Schleswig. Our photographs, some of them taken 600 ft. below ground, illustrate the modern methods used in Silesian coal-mines, and the employment of women.

LADIES' NEWS.

QUITE a large party had the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley—which is indeed a palatial place, where things are royally done—to meet the most important quartette in the Empire. In 1917 the same party stayed at Plas Machynlleth as the guests of Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest. The Prince of Wales had not then "grappled to his soul with hoops of steel" the hearts of the people; and Princess Mary was little more than a child. Now this quartette that stayed at Knowsley holds all our hopes and engages all our loyalty. They went up in a train beautifully florally decorated, and returned in one equally beautiful, the flowers arranged by the specialist whose work their Majesties most appreciate. The royal party returned on Monday, and will spend Easter at Windsor, where they will stay for some little time.

At the private view of the American Contemporary Art Exhibition, I found that many people who understand art were puzzled over many of the pictures. The Duchess of Rutland, attended by her stalwart Duke, went from canvas to canvas looking wonderingly at her catalogue and then at the picture. The Duchess of Buckingham, who had a one-woman show of her own work the other day, asked many friends what they thought, and got very varied answers. Lady Randolph Churchill talked of many things rather than art. Lady Leslie and Lady Ribblesdale were other Americans who looked much and said little. Lady Sarah Wilson, very smartly turned out, frankly enjoyed meeting friends, and forgot pictures. Lady Cynthia Graham and her daughter, quite unconsciously, made a more delightful picture than any on the walls. Lord and Lady Sligo made laughing remarks, received many congratulations on their eldest girl's engagement to Earl Stanhope—which is to culminate in a wedding on April 16—and seemed to like a few of the pictures very much.

Princess Margaret of Denmark's engagement to Prince René of Bourbon - Parma dispenses of rumours that she was to be betrothed to a British Prince. Her mother was an Orleans Princess, so they are connections. Prince René is one of a family of eighteen, seventeen of whom are alive. The youngest, Prince Gaetan, is sixteen. The ex-Empress Zita of Austria is one of his sisters; and Prince Sixte, an elder brother, figured conspicuously in the war by being the medium for letters trying to make peace for Austria. Prince Sixte married in 1919 a daughter of

a Duke of Doudeauville, and they live in Paris, where the newly betrothed couple will live after their marriage. Prince Felix, another brother, married in 1919 the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. One of her sisters is in the Benedictine Convent in the Isle of

The Season proper will not really set in before May, although during next month we shall have several weddings of importance, including that of the Earl of Dalkeith and Miss Mollie Lascelles. May promises quite a gay time, and the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan in that merry month will be marked by brilliant entertaining at Buckingham Palace. I believe two Courts will be held, one before and one after Ascot, in June, and things will be kept humming until the end of July. Last season they thinned out rather towards the end of that month.

Dress parades were an excitement of last week. Several big West-End houses showed their models in this way. I noticed in one or two a distinct movement towards the Elizabethan style of dress. It was tentative, and met with approval from several of those whose *flair* for clothes is acknowledged. There were skirts wired out at the hips in the narrow way, which probably fore-ran the all-round distended skirts of the days of good Queen Bess, and there were undoubtedly the straight Tudor bodices. What was not of that time were the fabrics, which were soft, if rich. Elizabethan stiffness was not reintroduced. The ruff made no reappearance at the dress shows, but I saw two white lawn ruffles at the Grand Military on quite smart-looking women, and very becoming they proved. In comparison to Elizabeth's ruffs they were in miniature, but ruffles might blossom into ruffs, given time, and our necks have been left *au naturel* for so long that we should delight in dressing them up again.

A. E. L.



A CHIC TAFFETAS COSTUME.

An entirely new and original idea is this modified redingote effect made of black taffetas with white embroidery.

Photograph by Crown Inc., Paris.

Wight. Being a member of so large a family, the Prince has many connections. Queen Alexandra, who has always taken the greatest interest in her motherless niece, is pleased with the engagement, but would doubtless have liked her niece to settle in England. She has been here a great deal, and loves London.

Sapo carbonis detergens is the name by which the medical profession knows Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It was the first of its kind, and it still keeps pride of place. It is specially useful for the nursery, and, indeed, everywhere.

Pleasure cruises to Norway, so popular before the war, are to be resumed by the Orient Company in June. Their new s.s. *Ormuz* (14,167 tons, 10,000 h.p.) will make six cruises, each of thirteen days, sailing from Immingham Dock (Grimsby). The fare will range from twenty-five guineas upwards, and includes meals, attendance and baths. The steamer will navigate many of the best-known fjords, and call at thirteen attractive places. During most of the time the ship will be in sheltered waters. Shore excursions and overland trips have been arranged. A full programme can be obtained from any of the Orient Company's offices or agencies.

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30 x 3½ "	1 3 0	0 19 9

Revised Price List dated 21st March
 obtainable from all Motor Dealers.



OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris

IN a small glass-factory, not very far from Paris, two enthusiastic men claim to have rediscovered the secrets of the ancient glazier's art, and to be able to reproduce the beautiful old stained glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with all the true colourings. The story, as recently told in an open letter to the Ministère des Beaux Arts, is something of a romance.

It was in 1912 that M. Fayet, a well-known art collector, and owner of the famous Abbaye de Fontfroide, a twelfth-century Cistercian monastery, decided that he would replace the windows of the little chapel attached to the Abbaye with the best modern glass procurable. Ten years previously, M. Fayet had employed an artist by the name of Richard Burgsthal to do a series of large water-colours on special Chinese paper, for the great hall of the Abbaye. By placing these between sheets of glass, the discovery was made of the possibility of giving the illusion of stained glass. They immediately set to work to improve on this for the windows of the little chapel, but in 1914 came the war. M. Burgsthal was called to the colours, and remained in the trenches for four years. No sooner was he demobilised than he returned without delay to his researches, and after countless experiments, which resulted first in the discovery of one colour process and then another, the "Chartres" blue, the ruby-red, at last all the old colours were faithfully reproduced. M. Burgsthal claims to have rediscovered the ancient process of colouring the glass *en masse*, so that the raw material is impregnated with the colour, and mixed with a solution of iron which gives the depth of tone. Careful examination of glass taken from the famous windows of Chartres and Rheims Cathedrals has proved this theory to be correct, and now that M. Burgsthal claims to be in a position to reproduce this glass exactly in his factory, his discovery will have a world-wide effect. M. Fayet and M. Burgsthal are now offering to restore the glass in Rheims Cathedral, which suffered so terribly from the German guns. If the French Government decide to accept this generous offer, the scientific world will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves this modern miracle, for it is no less.

It is a long time since Paris has had a really good "Apache" play. In "Cœur de Lilas," Messrs.

Tristan Bernard and Henry Hirsch have produced a powerful drama in three acts, which grips the spectators and gives them a series of thrills right to the end. There is, of course, a crime, the reconstruction of which provides an opportunity for some fine acting, and incidentally, too, a little friendly parodying of some representatives of the law. There is, for instance, the fussy *juge d'instruction*, who insists on copious measurements being taken of everything, whether relevant or not to the crime; behind him sits the indifferent and bored *avocat*, who says not a word, but fingers his *dossier* absently throughout the proceedings. Then there is the enthusiastic police-sergeant, who goes off at a tangent on what is quite

NEW ATTRACTIONS AT MONTE CARLO.

LAWN-TENNIS is now an institution among the English who winter on the Riviera. The initiative taken by the Société des Bains de Mer and Cercle des Etrangers at Monaco, the energy of the Nice Lawn-Tennis Club on the Place Mozart, to say nothing of the popularity of the courts at Cannes and elsewhere, no doubt fired the ambition of M. Camille Blanc to score a point for the Riviera in the Principality for which he and his father have done such splendid service. The ideal for Monte Carlo is undoubtedly to provide a pleasure-ground from which no form of attraction is missing, and this is what M. Camille Blanc has achieved. The old music-hall and dancing-room known to visitors of earlier years as "La Festa" has been covered in, and the basement now serves as one vast garage for public and private automobiles. The new arrangements have been much appreciated by tennis players, as the courts are within a few minutes of the sunlit terraces and gardens of the Casino. After the marked success of the recent international tournament held at La Festa, its position and popularity may be said to be definitely established. The courts were the scene of yet another Lenglen victory, and over £1000 worth of souvenirs were received by winning players. The opening of the La Festa courts was, in fact, not only a sporting event of considerable importance, but a social carnival of equal magnitude. A large number of the distinguished visitors to the different towns on the Côte d'Azur assembled to see the play and inspect the new attractions of Monte Carlo.



AN IMPORTANT MATCH ON THE NEW COURTS AT LA FESTA: MLLÉ. LENGLÉN AND MAJOR KINGSCOTE PLAYING MISS RYAN AND MR. F. G. LOWE.

obviously the wrong scent, and the emotional young clerk who falls in love with the heroine. The piece is full of humanity and works out to an interesting and unexpected conclusion.

At the Porte Saint Martin, "Madame Sans-Gêne" is a very welcome revival, and has come out as fresh and up-to-date as ever. The wit is just as pointed, and the dialogue rings as true as when it was first produced at the Vaudeville in 1893. Even those who remember the brilliant performance of Mme. Réjane, when she created the part of the vulgar, good-hearted washerwoman, have little fault to find with the interpretation of Mlle. Mistinguett, famous on the music-hall stage, whose selection for the part was a happy inspiration of the producers.

Travellers to the Continent welcomed

the reintroduction, on March 21, of the night-service from London to Paris via the Newhaven-Dieppe route of the Brighton and French State Railways. Most of the pre-war facilities by this route, including baggage registration, reservation of seats, and through bookings, have now been restored. In the few years prior to the war several improvements were made. Following the addition of the turbine steamers *Newhaven* and *Rouen* to the fleet, came the *Paris*, which materially shortened the sea crossing. Then came the opening of the Pontoise route between Dieppe and Paris in 1913. The journey was thus reduced to 104 miles, a saving of twenty miles over the Dieppe-Rouen-Paris line. A feature of the new Pontoise route is the beautiful scenery, and the absence of tunnels.



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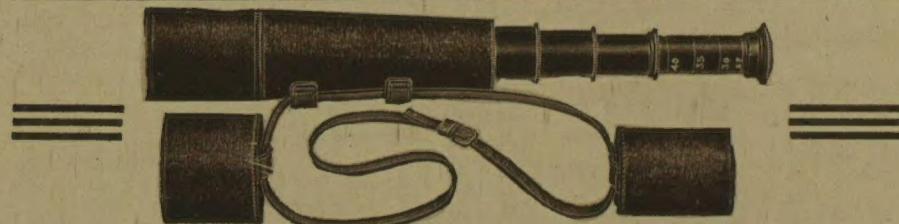


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"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE can write a play, can work out in the theatre an interesting theme in a way that enchains her audience's attention. The discovery of that fact is worth being enthusiastic about, for our list of accomplished dramatists is none too large. Not only are there ideas in her first stage work; Miss Dane also shows confident technique. We are asked in her story to suppose that the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission has been carried into law; that a wife can, under certain conditions, divorce her husband on grounds of lunacy. The heroine of "A Bill of Divorce" has thus freed herself from a man she had married too hastily, and is on the verge of marriage with a man she really loves. At this awkward moment her husband comes home professedly cured; for years under ward, he has no knowledge of the state of the law or of his wife's action or feelings, and she has to break the truth to him. It would be plainer sailing

fore the argument weighs with her that he needs her more. But there is a young daughter of the unhappy marriage, engaged to a fiancé herself, but possessing all the frankness, intellectual curiosity, and courage of modern youth. If lunacy often skips one generation, then obviously she ought not to marry, and with tainted blood in her veins ought to look after her father and give her mother her chance of joy in life. So she decides: a rather staggering decision it is in these days, when youth so often claims to be served first. The play is beautifully acted. Both Miss Meggie Albanesi as daughter, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite as the wife, give exquisitely natural performances; Mr. Malcolm Keen puts colour and pathos into his study of the cured lunatic; and Mr. Aubrey Smith's easy, unexaggerated style is also of service to the author.

Pascall's well-known Royal Taste chocolates now deserve their name literally as well as metaphorically, as, when the Queen visited the famous Pascall chocolate factory at Mitcham, she actually conducted one

of the operations for making it. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Mary, and attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins, Sir Derek Keppel, and Mr. Harry L. Verney. The royal party arrived in the afternoon, and were received by Mr. Sydney Pascall, Managing Director, and Messrs. Wilfrid G. Pascall, A. P. Jones, and S. E. Perkins, Directors of the Company. The Queen first inspected the rest rooms, large dining hall, kitchen and appointments, and expressed herself delighted with the excellent organisation of these departments, as well as the welfare and new school buildings. The main object of the visit was, however, to see how the chocolates were made, and both the Queen and Princess Mary were most interested in the various processes employed in the manufacture of the "Ambrosia" Full Cream Devonshire Milk Chocolate, the Royal Taste, and Versailles chocolates. They spent some time in the Novelty and Fancy Departments, seeing the making and dressing of the dolls and figures. The Queen was so taken with the figure of Chu Chin Chow that she carried one away with her. Before leaving, Miss Joan Pascall, daughter of the Managing Director, presented the Queen and Princess with magnificent boxes of Royal Taste and Versailles chocolates.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE PASCALL CHOCOLATE FACTORY AT MITCHAM.

A group showing the Queen and Princess Mary, with Mr. Sydney Pascall, Managing Director of the Company, his daughter, Miss Joan Pascall, and other Directors.

for her if she had not a mid-Victorian conscience, a sense of pity, and an instinct for self-sacrifice; there-

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F W RENWICK (Rodborough).—You had better try again at 3854. You should always suspect the accuracy of a solution that begins with a check.

AHMAD MIRZA (Decca, Bengal).—Your other problem will appear in due course, and we shall always be pleased to consider further contributions.

C WILLING (Philadelphia).—Acceptable, as always. Many thanks.

JOHN LORSHIRE (Toronto).—We fear it would be stirring up troubled waters to recur to the problem you mention; we had too much correspondence over it at the time. In any case, we are not able to put our hands on the position at the moment.

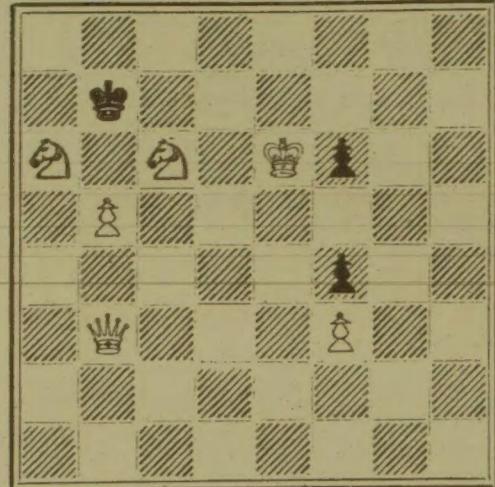
J A BITTENCOURT (Dawson, Yukon Territory).—We do not care, as a rule, to look at positions except on a diagram, but we will make an exception in your case, and report later.

P N BANERJI (Buenos Aires).—Thanks for problem, which shall have our careful attention.

DONALD D CAVEY (St. Helier, Jersey).—Your solution is quite correct, and we are pleased to welcome you to our list of solvers.

E L LOVETT (Broughton).—You must try 3853 again. How do you mate if after 1. Q to R 6th, K to B 4th; 2. R to Q sq, Black plays Kt to Q 4th?

PROBLEM NO. 3856.—By H. F. L. MEYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3854.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE

1. R to R 4th

BLACK

Any move

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Bournemouth, between Mr. O. H. LABONE and Dr. NEVILLE HART.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	23. B to B 4th	R to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq
3. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	25. P to B 3rd	B to B sq
4. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. Kt to K 2nd	R (Q 4) to Q 2nd
5. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th	27. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. B to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 4th
7. Castles	P to K 5th	29. Kt to B sq	R to K 2nd

Altogether premature. His forces are not sufficiently developed for the contemplated attack, and he should have made his own position secure first by Castling.

8. B takes P	B takes P (ch)	23. B to K 3rd	R to Q 4th
9. K takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)	24. Kt to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th
10. K to Kt sq	Q takes B	25. Q to Kt 3rd	K to B 2nd
11. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to R 5th	26. B to B 2nd	H to R 3rd
12. R to K sq (ch)	K Kt to K 2nd	27. Q to R 4th	K to R 2nd
13. P to Q 5th	Kt to Q sq	28. Q to B 2nd	R to B 5th
14. Kt to K 4th		29. R to K sq	

White is very cool in his defence, and has always something in hand to meet Black's vigorous efforts to retrieve his fortunes.

14. B takes P	P to K 3rd	32. Kt to Q 4th	R to Q 4th
15. K takes B	P takes P	33. Kt to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th
16. Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3rd	34. Q takes P	K to B 2nd
17. P to Kt 4th	Castles	35. Q to Kt 3rd	H to R 3rd
18. P to Kt 5th	R to Q sq	36. B to B 2nd	K to R 2nd
19. Q to R 3rd	R to Q 4th	37. Q to R 4th	R to R 4th

Black is now paying the penalty of his haste. Both his King and Queen are separately the objects of an onslaught, which, whilst aimed at either, forms one combined operation.

20. Kt to Kt 3rd	P takes P	39. R takes P	R takes P
21. R takes Kt	Kt takes R	40. Q to K 4th	R to Kt sq
22. Q takes Kt	B to Kt 5th	41. Kt to B 6th	B to Q 4th
		42. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		43. Kt takes R	B takes P
		44. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to R 3rd

A clever reply, threatening, if 20. P takes Kt, R to K 4th, with an apparently winning game. In face of White's care, however, he cannot escape the loss of two Knights for a Rook.

Black wages a gallant struggle to the end. If now it is sought to pin his Queen by 45. B to K 3rd, he mates in three moves by R takes P (ch), etc. Both sides are to be complimented on their interesting play.

45. Q to K 3rd Resigns.

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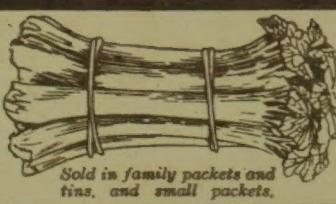
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

No New Motor Legislation.

During the debates on the Roads Act, towards the end of last year, the Minister of Transport clearly foreshadowed the introduction of comprehensive legislation for the amendment of the existing motor laws during the present session of Parliament. In answer to a question addressed to him a week or so ago, he said that none but absolutely essential and urgent measures were to be dealt with this year, and that, therefore, no new motor laws were to be enacted in the meantime. The delay will be all to the good. In the present state of motoring organisation, it would be highly improbable that effective resistance could be offered to any sort of measure the Government cared to introduce. That much was evident while the Roads Act was under discussion. If, therefore, we are to have a respite of a year or two, it will give an opportunity for setting the house in order and for preparing for the strenuous fight that will have to be made if mechanical road transport is not to be saddled with a further set of restrictions and disabilities, which, it must not be forgotten, would be of a much more permanent character than those under which it at present labours. I doubt not that the organisations which represent the interests of motoring will take the fullest advantage of the extra time that will be given them, and that they will immediately take the necessary steps to secure co-ordinated effort. We have suffered too much from decentralisation in the past to tolerate more of the detachment which has hitherto characterised the work of these bodies.

Ministerial Sub-Committees. As the proposed motor legislation has fallen through for the time being, it seems pertinent to ask whether it is necessary to continue the expenditure of public funds and the waste of time entailed on the part of those, officials and others, composing the many sub-committees of the Ministry of Transport which have been inquiring into all sorts of matters con-

nected with motor traction, from dazzling headlights to compulsory examination for drivers. I happen to know that serious differences of opinion exist within certain of these sub-committees, and any decisions they may come to are bound to be controversial. For instance, there are two parties within the committee on lights. One holds the view that the problem of dazzle is practically insoluble, unless the risk is taken of cutting actual light down below the safe

cannot lead anywhere for some time, more especially as the future of the Ministry of Transport is very uncertain after the retirement of Sir Eric Geddes at the end of August.

A London Pilote Scheme.

The Automobile Association has instituted arrangements whereby tourists and country members can be met, in any part of London or its outskirts, by competent pilots having an intimate knowledge of the Metropolis and its traffic conditions. The men will be available for guiding members' cars by the best routes through or around London. Full particulars concerning this new A.A. service, for which a moderate charge is made, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary at the Association's headquarters. This service ought to prove a boon to motorists whose knowledge of London is sketchy or altogether wanting. There is probably no city in the world in which it is so easy for the motorist to lose his way, especially on the southern exits. Even the Londoner is often at a loss to know exactly what road to take in order to get out southwards or south-eastwards by the shortest way.

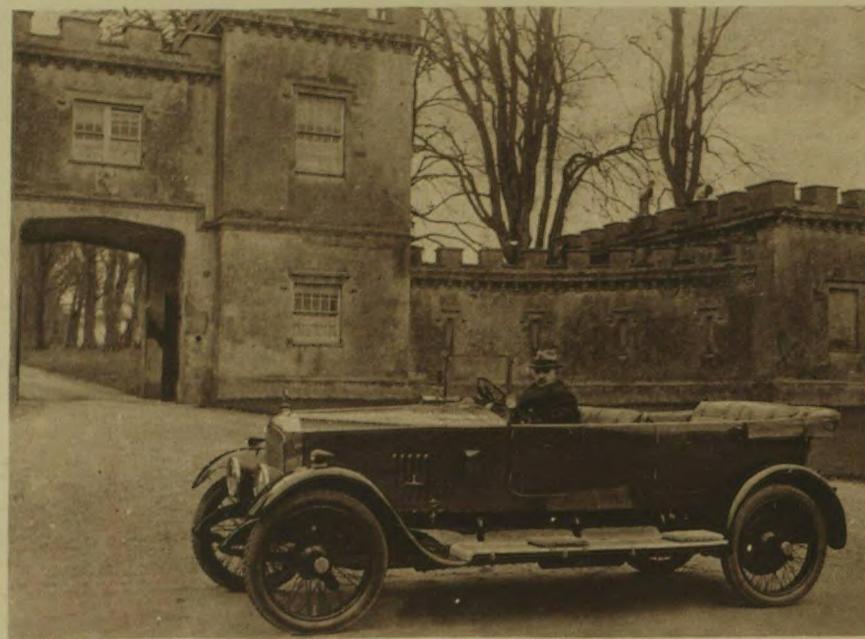
A Fine Performance.

Messrs. F. S. Bennett, Ltd., send me the following telegram received from Monte Carlo: "F. S. Bennett, driving Cadillac, won second place in the sports type class in the hill climb from Monte Carlo to Mont Agel, the distance being six-and-a-half miles, rising

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W. W.



A FAMOUS CAR AT A FAMOUS HOUSE: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINTON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK OF LUTON HOO.

driving limit. The other seems to think that, as the Minister has set a task, it is up to the committee to make recommendations of some sort. In such circumstances, it would surely be better to suspend the work of inquiry over the summer months at least. In the meantime, it is quite conceivable that scientific research may result in a solution of the many problems involved, and save the committee from stultifying itself by making impracticable recommendations. It is the same with all the rest of these committees. It is of very little use to go on with inquiries which

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"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"
"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

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W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."